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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 211.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 18, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

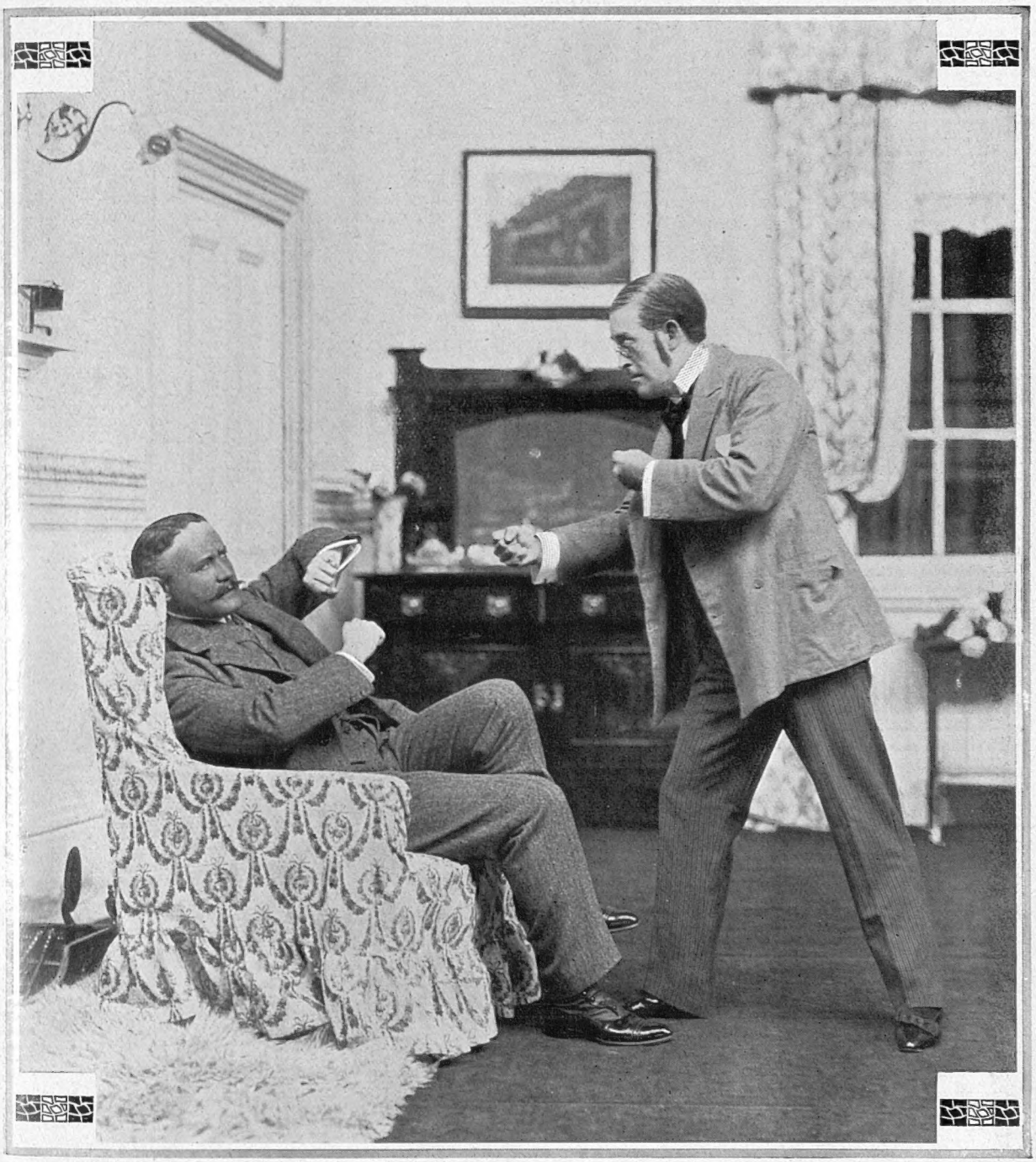

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Fido (*Mr. Cyril Maude*) *to* **Charlie Marshall** (*Mr. C. V. France*): "Call me 'Fido' now, if you dare. Go on, I'm waiting!"

The play is a clever adaptation of M. Malin's *Médor*, and has been produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at a series of matinées at the Playhouse. Thinking that his old school-chum, Charlie Marshall, whose hard-worked fag he had been, is carrying on a flirtation with his wife, meek and mild Mr. Entwisle, known to his intimates as "Fido," determines to put his foot down, and finally summons up courage to have the matter out with his friend. It subsequently appears that Marshall is really in love with the Entwisle's niece, so that everything ends happily

"THE TURNING OF THE WORM" IN "FIDO" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

No. 211.—Vol. XVI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. LAST THREE WEEKS OF MLLE. GENÉE in THE BELLE OF THE BALL. MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Fruit of the Tree." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)
"Robin's Heritage." By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.*)
"St. Gwynifer." By Silas K. Hocking. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Finn and His Companions." By Standish O'Grady. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s.*)
"The Royal Navy." By H. L. Swinburne. Painted by N. Wilkinson. (Black: 20*s.*)
"Suppressed Plates." By G. S. Layard. (Black.)
"Essays." By James Anthony Froude. (Long; 6*s.*)
"The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." By Henry Fielding. (Long.)
"The Struggle for a Royal Child." By Frau Ida Kremer. (Long: 6*s.*)
"The Complete Motorist." By A. B. Filson Young. (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." By Father Bernard Vaughan. (Kegan Paul: 5*s.*)
"The Clyde." By Mary Y. and Young Hunter. (Black.)
"Pekin to Paris in a Motor-Car." By Luigi Barzini. (Grant Richards: 16*s.* net.)
"The Heritage of Dress." By W. M. Webb. (Grant Richards: 15*s.* net.)
"The Pirate's Pocket Book." By Dion C. Calthrop. (Sisleys: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Humbug Rhymes." By Sir F. Burnand. (Sisleys: 1*s.* 6*s.* net.)

THE BYSTANDER

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and including Tuesday, the 17th day of December, 1907, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 25th day of December, 1907.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,
36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 18, 1907

The claims made on behalf of Major Fitzgerald's gun that it keeps cooler than any other gun yet invented appear to have a good foundation. The inventor, however, has still to show that his gun can keep as cool as the War Office.

* * *

Paboudny's oration, when the wrestling match went against him at the Pavilion last week, was not entirely comprehensible to the audience. But it is believed that he favoured a Reform of the Tariff, Universal Old Age Pensions for all persons over twenty-one, and such amendment of the Alien Immigration Act as would prevent the landing in this country of all persons answering to the name of Zbysco.

* * *

By the way, the "dramatic" nature of these athletic contests has become so noticeable that theatre managers are again urging that Music-halls should be compelled to take out a theatrical licence.

* * *

Scots are very much annoyed that ticklers and squirts should have been the chief feature of the Scottish Sunday which the New York police have insisted upon having observed in that city. They maintain that the true Scot can pull a long face on this day without any such adventitious aid as these implements supply.

* * *

Hard Put To It

PATRON (*who has bestowed one penny*): "Now, my good man, whatever you do, don't spend it in drink"

GRATEFUL RECIPIENT: "Lor' bless yer, no, sir. I'd invest it, if I 'ad my way, but wot with Consols so low, and Americans all 'iggledy-piggledy, a man's 'ard put to it to know wot to do with a bit o' capital nowadays"

BY H. HOPE READ

A Zulu Limerick

Said Mackenzie: "You black Zulu fule you;
I'm sending a cart and a mule—you
Had best drive it here,
Or I very much fear
You'll not live to Yule, Dinizulu."

* * *

"The League to Respect Women" is the name of a body which has been formed in France for the object of giving up seats in trains to women, and not smoking where women are present. It is believed that, as in some Suffragette Societies, a certain number of men will be allowed to become members of this League.

* * *

Viewed in a proper light, the increase of Tube fares, about which so many people are grumbling, is, of course, entirely in the public interest. Quick, as usual, to see how a bad habit can grow upon their passengers, managers have decided to stop it. And now it will be impossible for anyone to cling to a strap for an indefinite time, unless, at least, extra payment is made, or the train happens to stop in a tunnel.

* * *

Meanwhile, since omnibus fares have also been raised, quite a number of people are eager that Mr. Eustace Miles should revise his useful little book, "How to Live on Threepence a Day," as they would like to see it brought up to date.

* * *

Londoners have been most favourably impressed by the fat cattle at the Islington Show, and, in order that those who have not yet had the opportunity may meet them, several little Christmas dinners are, we understand, being arranged.

* * *

Fashion item—from a contemporary: "The large muffs are veritably an armful, very long in some cases, extraordinarily deep in others, and in the latter case provided with a well-lined receptacle for the hands." On the whole we recommend the latter kind. They may lack *chic*, but in many ways it is useful to have a muff into which one can put one's hands.

* * *

Mr. Trench and Mr. Holbrooke have collaborated in a Symphony, which is to be given at the Queen's Hall "in complete darkness." Perhaps if some of our more advanced dramatists would adopt this novel plan, the Censor might withdraw his veto from them, and the British drama might yet be saved.

* * *

A proposal is on foot in Vienna to celebrate the Emperor's Jubilee by making the wearing of side-whiskers universal. It is thought that, inasmuch as the Emperor wears this form of decoration himself, imitation would be a form of displaying loyalty. No doubt it would. At the same time attention ought to be called to the meaning of the word "Jubilee." It signifies a happy time. In our country—the birth-place of Mr. Frank Richardson—we know that no man with side-whiskers can be happy. He can hardly even be virtuous. Let the Austrians beware, then, of being too late. The Emperor's successor may have a chin-beard.

Lessons in Journalese: No. 2

HOW TO WRITE FOR A HA'PENNY EVENING PAPER—THEME: "HAMLET"

SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY IN DENMARK.

OLD MAN KILLED—MISTAKEN FOR A RAT!

Young Lady Drowned.

THREE MEN DIE IN AGONY.

Foul Play Suspected.

("WHITE NIGHT - LIGHT" SPECIAL)

ELSINORE, Monday.

A terrible series of tragedies, involving the deaths of no less than five persons, has been enacted at Elsinore, on the island of Zealand, in Denmark. It appears that a young man called Hamlet, who was engaged to Miss Ophelia, daughter of Counsellor Polonius, was talking the other day to his mother on a matter of business connected with the family. Thinking he heard a rat behind the

DRAWING-ROOM CURTAIN,

he snatched up a sword and thrust it through the draperies in the direction from which the sound came — unfortunately killing his *fiancée's* father, who, as it happened, was passing at the time. The young lady's grief was pitiful to witness, and to distract her thoughts from the awful loss she had suffered, she devoted herself heart and soul to her favourite hobby of collecting the rarer kinds of

WEEDS AND GRASSES

which abound in the neighbourhood. Shortly after her father's death, while in pursuit of a particularly coveted specimen, she fell into the river and was drowned.

LATER.

The young man Hamlet succumbed this evening to a flesh wound sustained in a fencing bout with the brother of his late *fiancée*. His opponent's weapon is said on good authority to have been poisoned. To the horror of all present, just before breathing his last, the

YOUNG MAN RAN AMOK

and turned the poisoned blade first upon his adversary and then upon his step-father, who had been an interested spectator, all three dying in the greatest agony within a few minutes of each other.

The greatest excitement prevails in Elsinore, where all the victims were well known, and the police are experiencing the greatest difficulty in controlling the dense crowd which surrounds the house all day. Fuller details will be found in our later editions. A Table giving a complete list of previous tragedies at Elsinore will be found on page 5 of this edition.

LATE NEWS.

Items Received While Going to Press

FOOTBALL HALF-TIME.

Bolton 1 Notts Forest 0
Sheffield Wed. 0 Aston Vill. 0

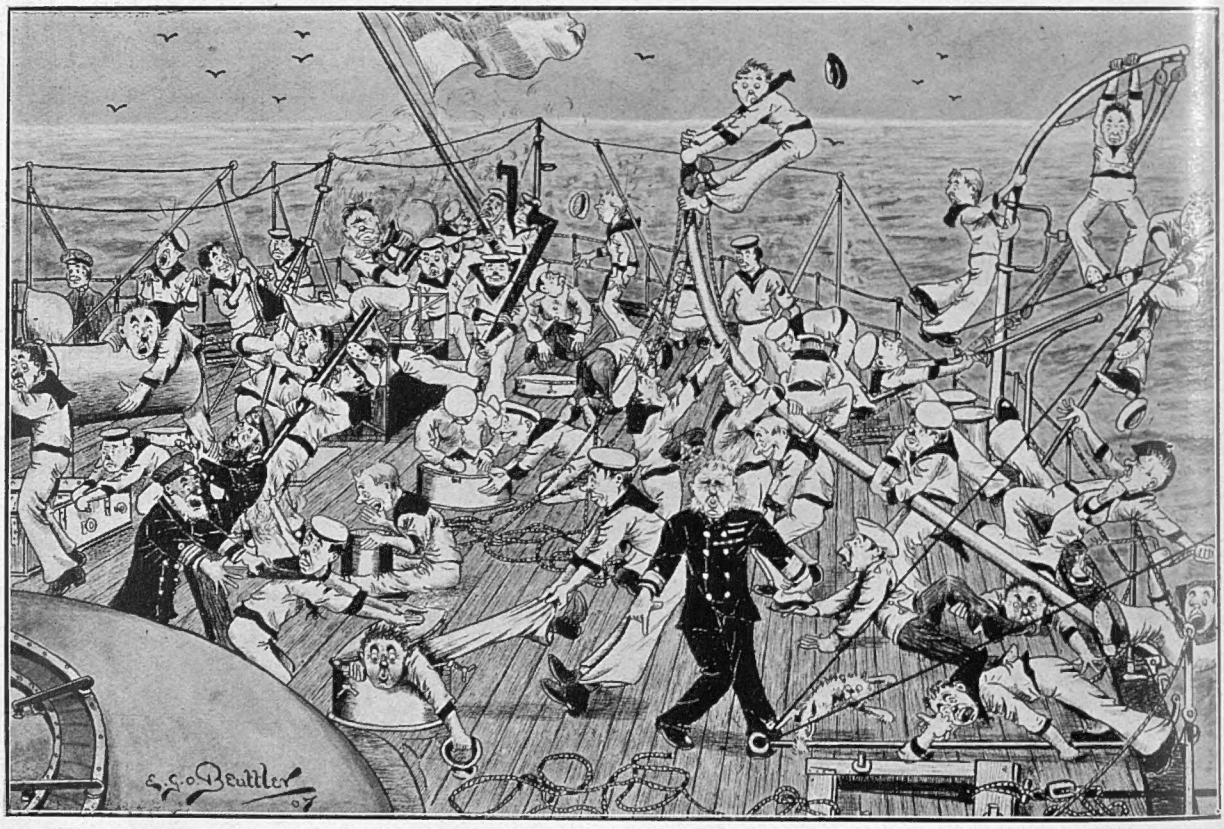
ELSINORE HORROR
A Sixth Victim

Mother of young man Hamlet died this evening, 9.30 p.m., after drinking from poisoned cup. Two arrests have been made. Inquests on victims fixed for Thursday.

"A paper that's newsy and breezy and bright,
It costs you a halfpenny,
THE
WHITE!
NIGHT!!
-LIGHT!!!"
Of All Newsagents.

דער
פושע ישראל
א דראמא
פון מאדערנען יודעשען לעבען
בייא
פיער קאסטעללא.
See To-Morrow's "Daily Wail."

[ANOTHER LESSON NEXT WEEK]

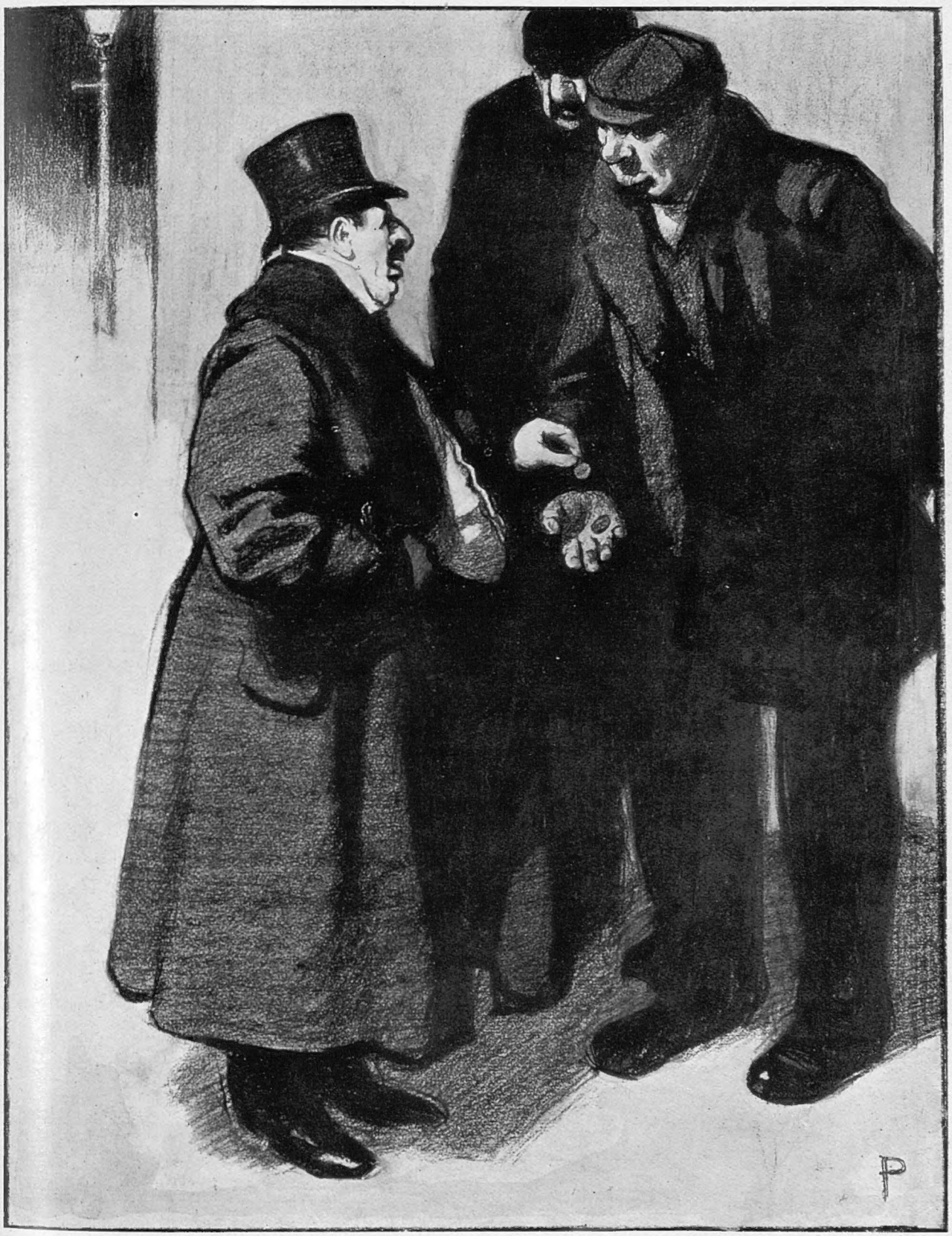


THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: NO. 2.—CLEARING FOR ACTION ON THE QUARTER-DECK

As we announced last week, we have, at immense cost, secured the services of Mr. E. G. O. BEUTTLER for a series of drawings in which he will vividly depict the high state of efficiency and precision which characterises the British Navy at the present moment, so that once and for all may be dispelled the reports of those panic-mongers who would belittle the work of our premier Service. There will be a series of six drawings, which all students of the history of the times should keep by them, as they will form an important and authentic record of the British Navy in 1907. Special artist-signed proofs may be obtained from this office for 21s. each

(BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER)

"Bis Dat Qui Cito Dat"



Mr. Isaacstein finds it bad enough to give readily—but to give twice!

BY SPENCER PRYSE

Racing: 'Chasers and their Prospects. BY CARBINE.

High-Class Young Jumpers

As soon as flat-racing ends we begin to look out for likely National horses, and one or two are already marked. Among them is Mount Prospect's Fortune, an awkwardly named young horse, belonging to a keen Irish sportsman, Mr. Keith Malcomson, and trained by J. J. Maher at Winchester. I saw this horse win the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool last Spring after running Old Fairyhouse and many others to a standstill; I saw him, too, beat Seisdon Prince and Nanoya very handsomely at Sandown Park recently. So much did he impress me, that I expect him to be a strong order for the Grand National unless the handicappers deal unreasonably with him. Maher has some fine 'chasers in his stable just now besides Mount Prospect's Fortune, notably the four-year-old Cackler, who is a real "smasher" I feel convinced. I don't suppose, however, that he will be started for the Grand National this season, as horses seldom run for that exhausting race until they are six years old. Maher is decidedly one of the men to follow this jumping season.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

December 18 to 24

Wed.	Particularly cloudy, with frost in the morning; generally overcast afterwards, with slight fog.
Thurs.	Very fine to overcast and unsettled, with probably slight shower.
Fri.	Overcast, with shower in early morning; finer afterwards, with slight fog.
Sat.	Cloudy to overcast, and unsettled at night, with shower.
Sun.	Overcast, with shower in early morning, and foggy during the day.
Mon.	Generally cloudy till afternoon, with probable shower; finer at night.
Tues.	Overcast, with slight fog in the forenoon.

The Hartigans and Their Successes

Another very successful trainer is F. Hartigan, whose name is on the lips of all racegoers just now. Compared with some of the best-known steeplechase trainers, Hartigan is quite a novice; yet nobody can teach him anything of his business, and scarcely a day passes without his horses pick up one or two races. At the latest Sandown meeting he had the distinction of turning out four winners during one afternoon, and all of them were ridden by Mason, who is quite the most artistic and cleverest cross-country jockey now riding. These Hartigans are shrewd men, and they adopt the sensible policy of winning whenever they can instead of planning coups for big prices in the old-fashioned style. Where they have scored heavily over other trainers during the past month is in having most of their horses absolutely fit for the start of the season.

Some Old Friends

We have heard nothing of Eremon this season, but that capable trainer, T. Coulthwaite, will no doubt meet with his share of successes in the New Year. Another old friend, Ascetic's Silver, has not run this season, but he is in steady training at Wroughton, and Mr. Aubrey Hastings, most energetic of young men, hopes to win another National with the fine veteran 'chaser. It is interesting to know that Kirkland is still in training, and so is Leinster, one of the best horses that ever jumped a fence. The racing between now and Boxing Day is not of much interest, and I have no selections to offer.

Under a photograph in our issue of December 4 we stated that the winner of the Veterans' Challenge Cup in the Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase was Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II., whereas Mr. R. W. W. Burton, whose photograph we published, secured the Cup.

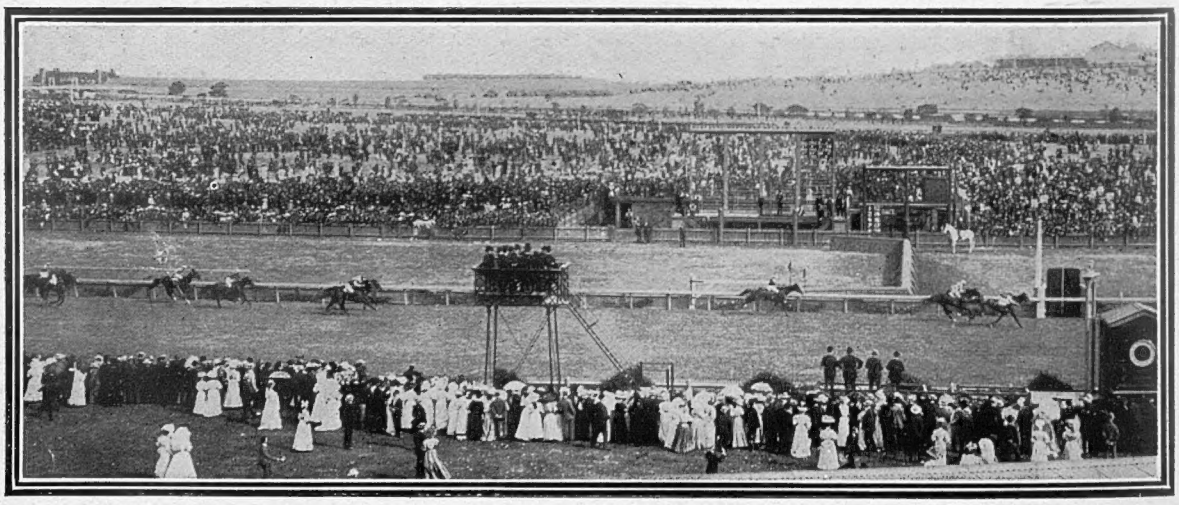


Photo *Topical Agency*

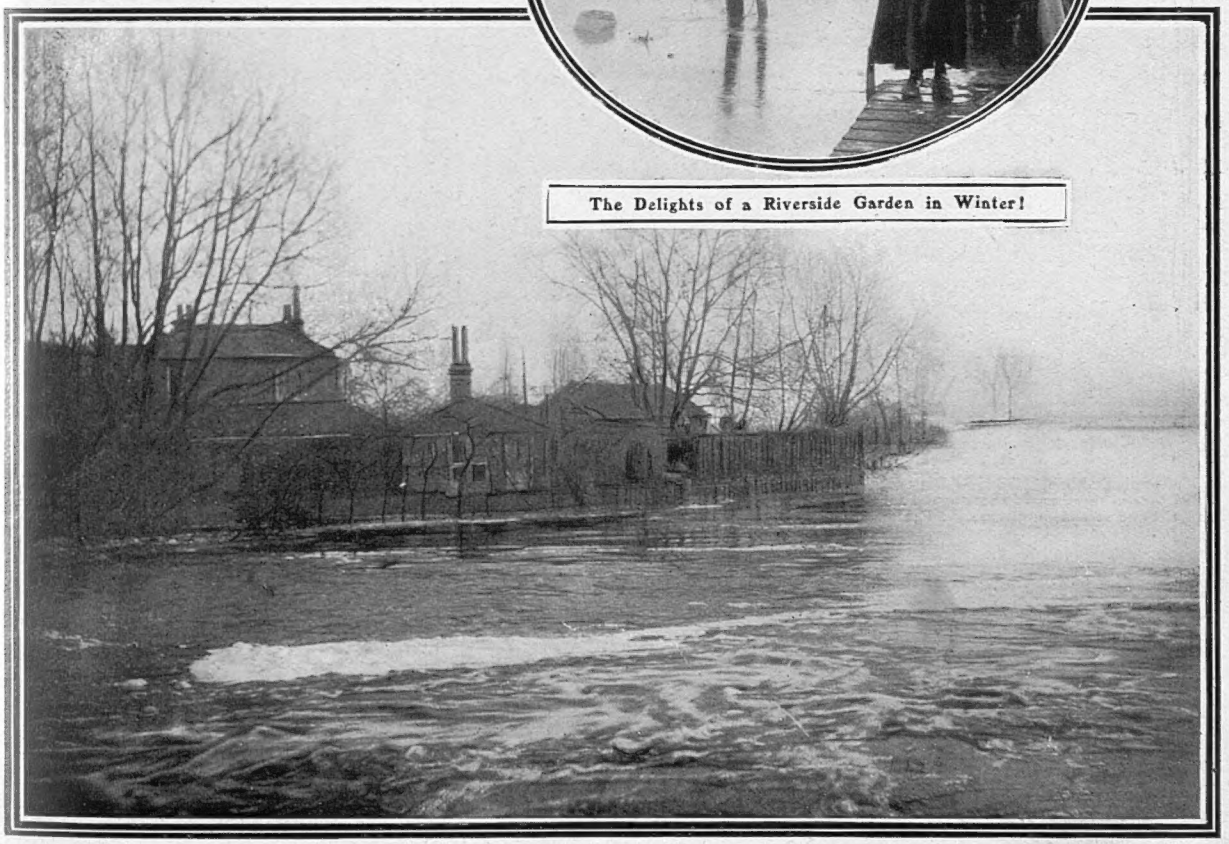
Racing "Down Under": Apologue wins the Melbourne Cup, the Derby of Australia

Father Thames Again in Flood

Flood-threatened Factories at Caversham, near Reading

It will be noticed that "trespassers" boards have temporarily lost their vocations, though they may come in handy for boat-mooring purposes

The Delights of a Riverside Garden in Winter!



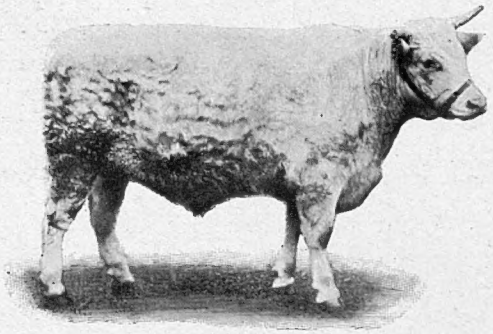
Photos *Bastin*

The Exuberance of Father Thames: The flooded stream, near Reading

Thames Valley residents are again experiencing the delights of a flood, for, owing to the recent rains, Father Thames has overflowed his banks, making the country-side into a huge lake, hundreds of acres being submerged. At Bourne End the water comes right up to the railway line, and the Reading Public Recreation Ground is under several feet of water

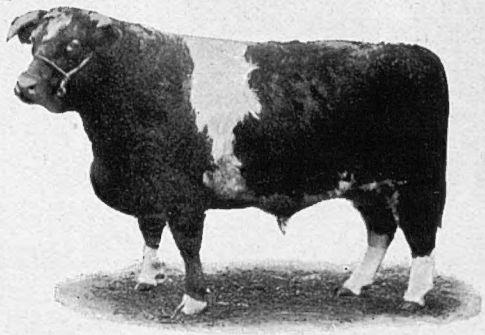
The King as Cattle Breeder

ROYAL AND OTHER PRIZE EXHIBITS AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW



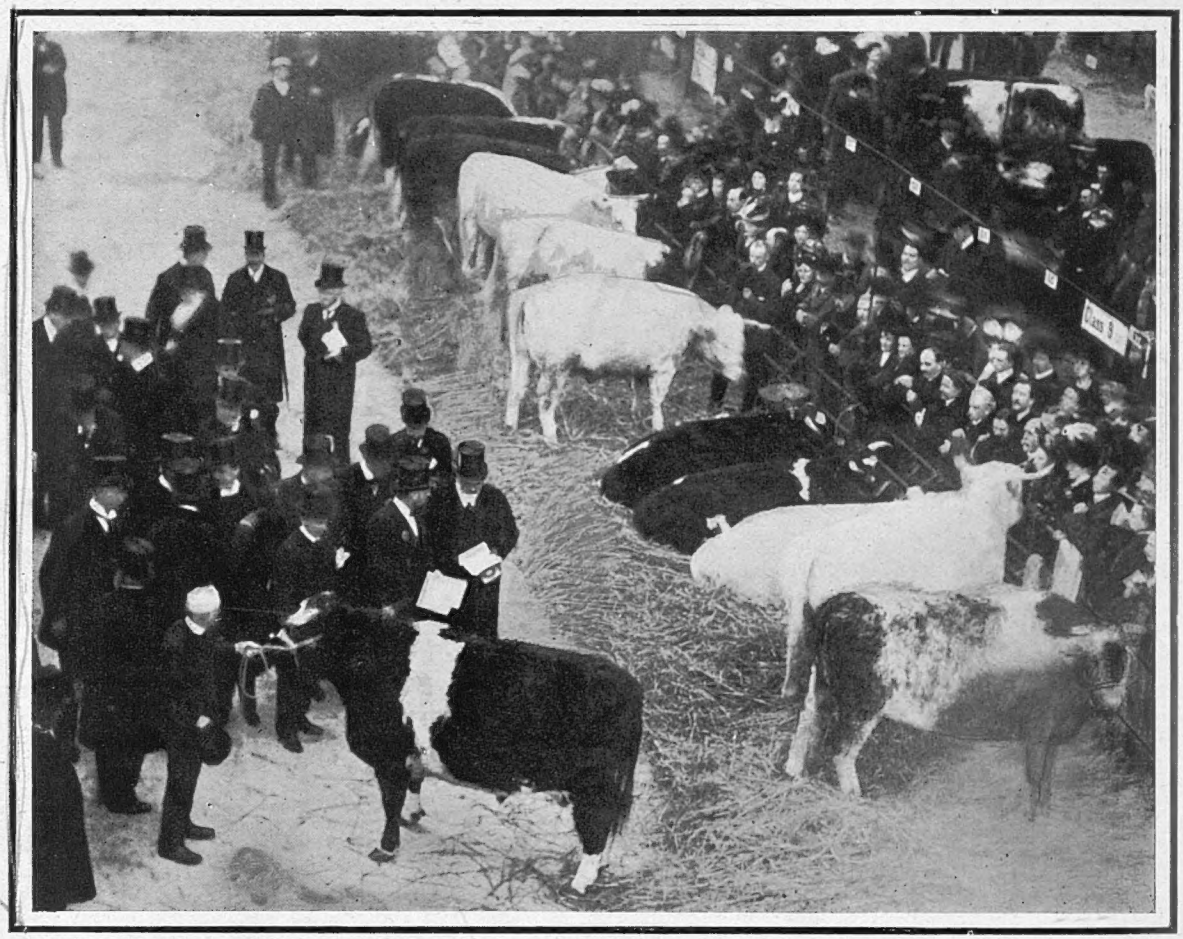
The King's Prize Shorthorn Steer

The winner of the First Prize and Cup for the best beast under two years old



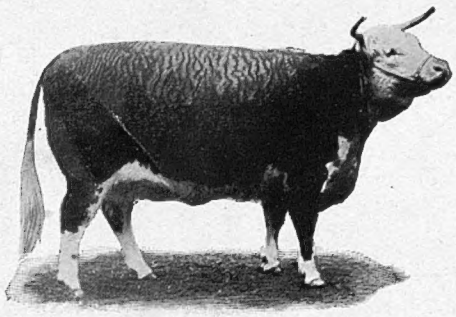
The Best Beast in the Show

Mr. Peter Dunn's Shorthorn steer, Gentleman John. Curiously enough, however, this animal was only placed second in Class honours



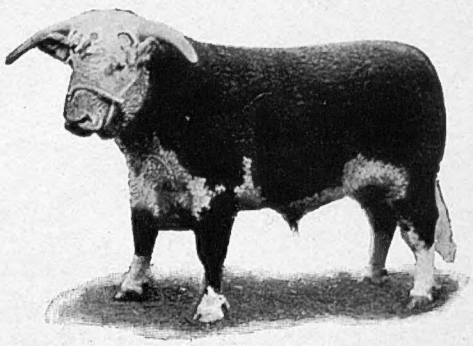
The Royal Visitors at the Agricultural Hall: The King and the Prince of Wales inspecting the Champion

The 109th Smithfield Show, held last week at the Agricultural Hall, was favoured with the presence of two Kings, King Edward and King Haakon, and several members of the Royal Family. His Majesty exhibited many beasts from the Royal farms at Sandringham and Windsor, and won three first, three second, and three third prizes. The total number of entries was better than for many years past, and the general quality of animals shown was excellent



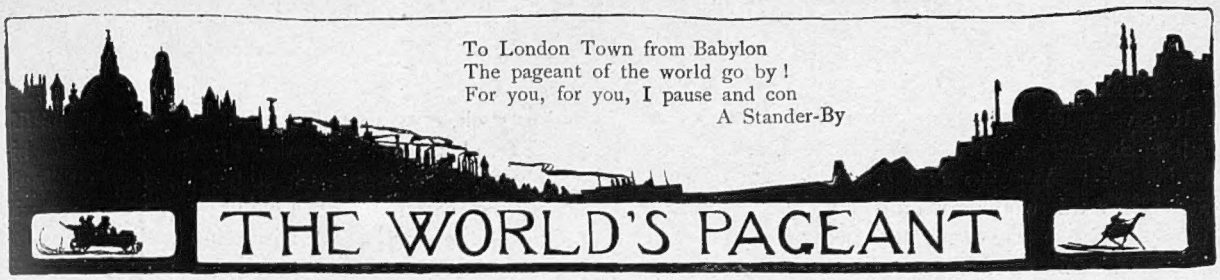
The King's Prize Hereford Heifer, Prudence

This beast was awarded the First Prize in the Hereford Heifer Class



The Prize Hereford Steer

The property of Sir J. R. G. Cotterell, and winner of both the First Prize in the Hereford Steers Class and the Breed Cup



The King of Sweden

In the faculty of kingship the new King of Sweden is, perhaps, more deeply versed than was his father before him. The late King Oscar was a man of great culture, unusual artistic ability, wide sympathies, and exquisite simplicity of mind. King Gustav is essentially a plain man; slow to act, but of penetrating judgment; more interested in sport than in science and the arts; and, altogether, possibly better fitted than his august father to rule a people who admittedly require "a sovereign for sixpence, plain, not coloured." He is poorer by £27,000 per annum than was his father when he came to the throne. For Norway is no longer in the hands of the Bernadottes, and with the partition of the countries that much revenue was lost to the Crown.

* * *

His Marriage

The new King of Sweden was born in 1858. He married, at Carlsruhe in 1881, Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden and of Louise, Princess of Prussia and sister-in-law of the late Empress Frederick of Germany. By this alliance King Gustav added some of the necessary blue and Swedish blood to the *bourgeois* Bernadotte stock, for his Queen's grandmother was a Princess of Sweden in the ancient Vasa line. Queen Victoria is very delicate. She dislikes the North and the Northerners, and spends the greater part of the year out of Sweden, wintering, as a rule, in Algiers or in Egypt. King Gustav's second brother, Oscar, married morganatically some years ago Miss Ebba Munck, one of his mother's maids-of-honour, and Prince Eugène, his youngest brother, lives in Paris, where he pursues successfully the career of a portrait-painter.

SWEDEN'S NEW KING

H.M. Gustav V.

SWEDEN'S NEW CROWN PRINCESS

Princess Margaret (formerly of Connaught) with the Infant Prince Gustav Adolf

Owing to the general ill-health of the new Queen (Victoria) and her frequent absence from Stockholm, Princess Margaret will take first place at Court

* * *

His Family

King Gustav and Queen Victoria have three sons—Gustav Adolf, who now becomes Crown Prince; Wilhelm, who is engaged to a Russian Grand Duchess, and whose recent stay in America caused such commotion in American "upper circles"; and Eric, Duke of Westmanland. There are no daughters. The eldest son is most familiar to us in England as the husband of Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and mother of two baby sons. The Crown Princess, owing to the ill-health of the Queen, will take first place at her father-in-law's Court. She was so little in England that not much is known of the personality of this Princess. But if, as is the case with the ladies of her uncle's Court in England, Court ceremonials and Court functions bore and tire her, then should she be happy in Stockholm, for the Swedish Court is simple and homely to a positively democratic extent. It is, indeed, a plain Court for a plain people. An audience of the King may be obtained with no more formality than the sending in of your visiting card. Imagine arriving at Buckingham Palace armed only with a card to see the King! "With the People for the Fatherland" is the Royal Swedish motto, and a severely sensible one it is, under the circumstances. The simple Swedes are everything that is democratic. They allow their Sovereign "no frills." The wonder is that they allow him any rights either.

* * *

The Modern New Year's Eve

The whole trend of modernity, it seems, is towards publicity in thought, in word, and in action. New Year's Eve—once the most homely, the most domestic, of functions—has become to-day the great night of the year in all the big restaurants. It is a form of laziness, this method of making merry in a crowd for a *prix fixe*. It is easier to pay one's guinea and be transported in return into an atmosphere of merriment—a little meretricious, perhaps, but still merriment of a kind—than it is to maintain the economical but somewhat melancholy merriment of the Yuletide domestic hearth.

A Royal Salute

New Year's Eve at Claridge's

It says much for history when it can be revived with such *éclat* as is promised at Claridge's this coming New Year to commemorate the century's existence of this well-known hostelry. Just a hundred years ago the house came into being, under another title, and while nothing remains of the one-time probably sumptuous building, the traditions surrounding it still stand firm. Throughout the varying managements these have been successfully kept alive, although it has been reserved for Brarichini, the present presiding genius of the historic place, to bring them immediately to the front, the which he proposes to do by arranging a New Year's supper, to be followed by a dance for those who are disposed to terpsichorean exercise. Sir Roger de Coverly, as behoves the traditional atmosphere, will form the opening dance, and at a quarter before midnight the pending demise of the old year will be proclaimed by a fanfare of trumpets, following which a boar's head will be carried in, followed by a huge wassail bowl of punch. The sideboard, it is said, will be a sight to be seen, the central piece being a roast turkey, shadowed by a peacock's tail spread out to its full in the good old English fashion. Several other long-time-lost customs will be brought to light; in short, New Year's Eve spent at Claridge's has every prospect of proving one of the quaintest and most delightful events of the present winter season.

* * *

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Royal Salute

H.R.H. the Princess Christian embracing the Duchess of Bedford at the opening of the Sale of Work for the Care of Friendless Girls

More Memoirs

Soon, what the memoir-reading world will not know of the later Victorian era simply won't be worth knowing. It has always been the fashion among great ladies in what Victor Hugo gracefully called the "youth of old age" to write their memoirs. As a rule, however, these memoirs were but for private or family circulation. To-day, however, following the example set by Madame de Boigne and Lady Dorothy Nevill, a more business-like and more paying procedure is in vogue. The books are published for the million at a price that the million can pay. Mrs. Cornwallis West's most interesting recollections are now running serially in the *New Century*, and now I understand that Lady Warwick is busily engaged in writing up her social—but not her Socialistic—memories. They should prove of absorbing interest to her ladyship's contemporaries at least, for Lady Warwick reigned as Queen of Beauty for many years, and as such, even though her husband chose the life sequestered rather than the life bellicose of his doughty forefathers, must have had some exceedingly interesting experiences. Let us hope Beauty will take its Due—and flout Discretion.

* * *

"The Illuminated Symphony"

The quaint piece of information comes to me that, on the 20th and 27th inst., at Queen's Hall, the programme will be made up by an entirely new art form—"The Illuminated Symphony." To the words of a certain poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," by a Mr. Herbert Trench (called by my informant the "poet *par excellence* of to-day"), are to be allied a symphony composed by Joseph Holbrooke. Performance to be given in a "dimly lighted hall, with musicians and invisible chorus." The words are to be thrown on a screen at the back of the stage by means of an intricate lighting apparatus. With the flow of the music the verses will pass slowly before the eyes of the audience. "Through eye and ear the brain will absorb a novel harmony, poetry and music working in accord to one uplifting end." One never knows quite who to be sorry for in cases like this, so perhaps a general expression of regret best meets the case.

* * *

The Sunday Concert Triumph

Apropos matters musical, the Queen's Hall Sunday Concert season is now in full swing. It is good to reflect that these most artistic entertainments—almost the best concerts to be heard, at any time, in London—continue to flourish, and that they have triumphantly survived the infamous attempt of the L.C.C. Puritans to stop them nine years ago. A more wanton intrusion on the popular privileges was never attempted than this, and Mr. Newman's cleverness in defeating it well merited the reward it has gained of constant and loyal public support.

* * *

Overheard at a Fashionable Bazaar

"Will your Grace buy this night-dress case?"

DUCHESS OF X.: "No, thank you; I never use such things."

A BYSTANDER (*in a stage whisper*): "Of course not! she has a clean 'nighty' every night."

Wedded With Military Honours

CAPTAIN ROSE MARRIED TO MISS LYCETT-GREEN AT YORK MINSTER

The Bridesmaids and Pages leaving York Minster

The six bridesmaids were Miss Phyllis Lycett-Green, the bride's sister, Lady Rosemary Cairns, the Hon. Violet Meysey-Thompson, Miss Brenda Woodhouse, Miss Esmée Bethell, and Miss Chloe Preston

The Arrival of Sir Edward and Lady Lycett-Green

The grandfather and grandmother of the bride

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The Bride and Bridegroom passing under an Archway of Drawn Swords after the Ceremony

York Minster was, on Saturday, December 7, the scene of the brilliant wedding between Captain Adrian Rose, of the Royal Horse Guards, the son of Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., and Miss Nancy Lycett-Green, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycett-Green, of Ashfield. The bride was given away by her father. A reception was held after the ceremony at the Treasury House

A London "Gridiron" Dinner?

Photo *Topical Agency*

Walking Across the Ocean

(Or, to be more explicit, Pedestrianism in Canada). Miss Rosamund Dunn, the winner of the recent "Ladies' Walk" finishing at Toronto

Mr. Bryce's Rumoured Retirement

Among the distinguished guests at the Gridiron Dinner in Washington were Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, whose recall to Japan is announced, but who pleads old age as the sole reason for such retirement, and Mr. James Bryce, whose withdrawal from his Ambassadorship at Washington is again reported and denied. In Washington the same is said of Viscount Aoki as of Mr. Bryce—*i.e.* that both may be—are indeed proved to be—good men in their respective spheres, but that those spheres are not diplomacy; and that in neither case is the Ambassador to the taste of his compatriots in America. This is exactly what I ventured to say of the Government's choice of an Ambassador at the time of the appointment. And my forecast does not seem to have been so very wide of the mark.

* * *

A London Gridiron Dinner

It really would not be at all a bad idea if, in order to relieve the awful monotony of some London banquets, we could adapt thereto that form of entertainment which is typified by the Gridiron Dinner. This dinner, given each year under the auspices of the Gridiron Club, is one huge "rag." It is attended by all the leading men of the day, and its whole idea is the caricaturing and "ragging" of such men. Ambassadors, statesmen, writers, all take part; generally the President is a guest, and the whole affair is treated as such a tremendous joke and with such wild hilarity that even the waiters are unable to wait, being most of the time crumpled up in agonies of laughter. A feature of this year's dinner was a huge phonograph, which, during the speeches, fittingly impersonated the absent President. At critical moments, "Lie! lie! lie!" it bellowed, and "Undesirable citizens!" "Criminal rich!" "Molly-coddles!" "Fat Colonels!"—all pearls from the White House—were only a few of its insinuating interruptions. Seriously, I think it would be charming to have the same kind of thing over here. Imagine Mr. Balfour in the midst of a post-prandial Tariff Reform exposition interrupted by a gramophoned Premier with "Enough of this foolery!" or Winston by the jeering "Termin——," etc. While everybody in turn would, of course, suffer from shrill feminine yells of "What about women!" and "Give us the Vote!"

* * *

The House and the Motor

Once upon a time, when the world was so young it had no sense of the fitness of things in general, or of motor-cars in particular, houses were built for man. To-day the house is built primarily for the motor, only secondarily for man; and a case in point is proved in our illustration. Mrs. Walker Munro, one of the most enthusiastic lady motorists in England, has had her house at Milford, on the Hampshire coast, especially built with an eye to motors, the garage from which she is to be seen emerging being in the centre and best part of the house. Mrs. Walker Munro drives a 40 h.-p.

Photo *Park*

The New Catholic Cathedral at Norwich: Its present state

The Cathedral being built for Norfolk Catholics by the Duke of Norfolk is rapidly approaching completion. Soon will the scaffold-poles be removed, and soon, too, we hope, the picturesque but scarcely Pontifical encyclicals concerning tea, starch, and meat extract which at present adorn its protecting hoardings

A "Motored" Grange in Hampshire

six-cylinder Napier car. Since she first took up motoring she has covered some 60,000 miles on the Continent and at home, and has had no fewer than six cars, all Napiers. Mrs. Walker Munro is engineer as well as driver, and there are few points on which she is not capable of testing her cars.

* * *

Lord and Lady Armstrong

Another lady well known as an expert driver of big cars is Lady Armstrong. Her Town house being let for a long period to the Earl of Wharncliffe, she and Lord Armstrong, her mother, Lady Adye, and her little daughter, the Hon. Winifreda Watson-Armstrong, have settled down for the rest of the winter at Lord Armstrong's charming villa at Mentone. Lady Armstrong, while on the Riviera, does much motoring. She is a first-rate driver, and is often to be seen driving her magnificent 40 h.-p. Mercédès. She is also an enthusiastic golfer. Lord Armstrong, intends, on his return to England, to take up residence at Bamburgh Castle, which is now thoroughly restored. Both Cragside and Jesmond Dene will probably be let for a period. His lordship's wealth has been freely and philanthropically distributed, among his disbursements being a large subsidy for the Armstrong College at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a large holding of shares in *The Throne*, an interest which has so often been evident in the literary and pictorial pages of our majestic contemporary.

Mrs. Walker Munro
In her 40 h.-p. Napier at Milford

* * *

The King at Blankney

It is many years since the King visited Blankney. On the last occasion he was Prince of Wales, his present host was still Lord Rainscliffe, and Mr. Henry Chaplin was Squire of Blankney. The house, which Mr. Chaplin sold to the late Lord Londesborough, is large and comfortable, and contains some good pictures, and that is about all. It is in no way picturesque, and it is surrounded by depressingly ugly country. Flowers "grown on the premises" are, however, a feature of Blankney, as, indeed, they are in all the three houses over which Lady Londesborough reigns, for her ladyship, who is a sister of Lord Westmorland, is a great flower lover, as well as a noted hostess and an enthusiast on all forms of outdoor life.

* * *

A Crowded Week

It has become so much the fashion to attend the Courts, police and otherwise, whenever there is a case verging on "*le hig lif*" to be tried, that really last week was quite breathless, in so helter-skelter a fashion did functions of the kind follow one after the other. There were two hearings of the inevitable Druce Case, and there was also the long and eagerly

A "Motored" Grange in Hampshire: Mrs. Walker Munro's house at Milford

The motor has long been an all-pervading influence of England's one-time stately homes. At last it has been fairly and squarely recognised that houses must be architecturally adapted to its uses—that one's grange, to be endurable, must certainly be "motored." Above is a representation of such a house—that of Mrs. Walker Munro, at Milford, Hants. The central idea of the house is a garage, with suitable motor-entrance in place of the front door now almost as obsolete as pedestrianism itself. Mrs. Walker Munro may certainly be congratulated on a picturesque as well as a highly utilitarian result, for, to the eye, the house is by no means ungrateful

Last Week's Breach of Promise Case

awaited Atherton *v.* Yarde-Buller breach of promise action in Mr. Justice Darling's Court.

* * *

In Court

For the hearing of the Atherton case, an exceedingly smart crowd turned up. It was, of course, almost entirely feminine, though there were a few male friends of the defendant's present. Its disappointment when an early and unexciting settlement was ingeniously arrived at was really quite distressing to behold. It, the crowd, had come, in large hats and furs, prepared, if need be, to starve, but eager at any rate for developments. Beyond the reading of some of Captain Yarde-Buller's very loving love letters there were none. Mrs. Atherton, picturesque and brilliantly attired in black and sables, came off with comparatively flying colours. Captain Yarde-Buller went off home in a cab, having agreed to pay costs (no small amount, such stars as Mr. Rufus Isaacs, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Lush being engaged on the case), and having "acceded to the position the plaintiff was seeking to maintain,"

Mrs. Atherton Entering the Law Courts
She was last week the plaintiff in a breach of promise case brought against Capt in the Hon. John Yarde-Buller

namely, as Sir Edward Carson put it, "that she did not in a light way give herself to this gentleman, Captain Yarde-Buller." And so ended—in bitter disappointment for the aforesaid attendant sensation-mongers—a case which had promised so well!

* * *

Sunday Dining

A feature of modern social life which has come with rapid strides to the forefront of fashion during the last few years is that of dining in public restaurants, on Sunday nights in particular. During the Victorian era, Sunday-night dining in restaurants was a privilege reserved exclusively for members of the dramatic profession. The rest of the world dined at home or not at all. Mrs. Cornwallis West, in her "Recollections," relates how, during a hurried journey through Town with her husband, Lord Randolph Churchill, there was but one frowsy place at which to dine in all London. To-day, the habit of Sunday dining has spread to all classes of society, from that which favours Claridge's and "The Willow" to that still more numerous class

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Last Week's Breach of Promise Case: The crowd waiting for the opening of the Court

The large crowd which flocked to the Law Courts last week to hear the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. Atherton, the divorced wife of Colonel Atherton, against Captain the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, the son and heir of Lord Churston, and now married to Miss Denise Orme, were disappointed in their expectations, for a quite unexciting settlement was arrived at in Court, the defendant admitting the promise and paying the costs. Mrs. Atherton's original claim was for £20,000

"La Tetrazzini"

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIMA DONNA

(Specially taken by the Graphic Photo Union)

The Decay of Piracy

which dines sumptuously in seven-courses for two shillings and a bottle of Graves.

* * *

A Reason for It

The servant question, of course, has been the abiding factor in the rapid rise of the Sunday restaurant dining habit. In Mayfair, as in Hampstead, the servant still clings tenaciously to the time-honoured "Sunday off." Dinner anywhere but at home, therefore, not only conduces to a gaiety of spirit not easy of attainment amid the rollicking delights of a Sunday in Town, but also, in passing, drops a welcome drop of oil upon the domestic wheels. One of the latest restaurants to cater especially for the Sunday dinner is the Gaiety. Here, when last week in search of pastures new I turned in to dine, I found a delightful concert in progress. I had an excellent dinner, too, finding myself, by the way, only in fresh fields so far as environment was concerned, for all around me were faces well known in the London world.

* * *

Captain Kidd's Lost Chance

On this page our artist has done something which will not, I hope, involve me in a charge of incitement to the crime of piracy—if, indeed, piracy would be considered a crime by a Government which is so enamoured of cattle-raiding. He depicts the shades of Captain Kidd and crew contemplating the tremendous potential prey which is afforded by the *Mauretania*, the cargo of which, on one of her recent voyages teemed with bullion, *en route* to relieve the money famine in New York. Who can say that Crime is what it was? A generation of criminals which allows millions of pounds to float over the ocean without even the thought of an attempt at capture cannot be called a generation of criminal enterprise. So much the better for Society, you say? M'yes. But the days which produced the Pirate were also the days which produced the British Empire. Captain Kidd and the skull and cross-bones have gone, and, with them, a good deal of—— But Christmas impends. Away, divinest melancholy!

"Oh, for a crowded hour of glorious life!"
Shades of Captain Kidd and crew contemplating the passage of the *Mauretania*, which, on a recent voyage, conveyed millions of pounds in gold to relieve the money famine in New York

By Tony Sarg

By Tony Sarg

* * *

An Italian Camarilla

One scandal breeds many. In Florence the attention of the police has been directed to the practices of a clique of German nobles and officers. In Rome a lawsuit is in progress against a German photographer, who was called by Herr Brandt as a witness against Prince Bülow, and this photographer is said to have been an agent for an International group, whose headquarters were at Taormina, Capri, Naples, and Rome. His correspondence, which has been seized, is alleged to compromise noblemen and celebrities in almost every country in the world, and, altogether, the trial promises to be the most sensational Rome has known for a long time.

The Latest Scandal in Our Village

DISCUSSING IT OVER A "DISH O' TEA"

BY NOEL POCOCK

Matters Musical

Ecstacy!

Concerning the Piano-Player

Thanks, partly, to the presence during a brilliant autumn opera season of such dazzling stars as Tetrazzini, Maria Gay, and Giachetti, and to the general excellence of the Concerts at the Queen's Hall, the musical world of the Metropolis has of late been too busy enjoying itself to bother about abstract problems.

One of these, however, which, sooner or later, it will have to face is the extraordinary rise in popular esteem of the mechanical maker of music.

By constantly improving their wares by new and ingenious devices, the manufacturers of piano-players are slowly but surely removing from them the reproach that they are, as interpreters of masterpieces, still chill. and therefore, artistically speaking, *nil*.

It is true that the mechanical piano-player can never hope to impart to the masterpieces of music the power and magic of a Paderewski, the fairy-like suavity of a Pugno, the poetry and intellect of a Busoni, the digital devilry of a Godowsky.

But all this has no more been claimed for the Pianola than for man that he has all the graces of all the gods and all the majesty of Heaven. What it offers to the world is not the supersession of the genius, but of the duffer. Mediocrity in music is of two classes. There is he or she (it is often "she") who has technique without expression, and there is he or she (it is generally "he") who has expression without technique. In the train of the one pianist who possesses both, linger a thousand who have only either, and tens of thousands who have neither. They struggle on, incidentally, no doubt, affording themselves and uncritical friends a modicum of pleasure; but how much better, by far, if they frankly admitted their defect and paid Tribute to the Art to which they profess allegiance by buying a Pianola.

The virtue of the Pianola is that it provides not the talent itself, but the material for its exercise. Its technique is, as needs it must be, Perfection. No false notes, no lacerating discords! Exactitude of notation, even when Tschaikowsky or Berlioz, or the terrible Richard Strauss himself, is being encompassed, not to mention such comparatively simple masters as Mozart and Beethoven. The "hack work" is done for you, detailed exactitude is there, and you are saved all those weary years which you might have squandered on a vain endeavour to master the keyboard and its attendant complications of fingering, phrasing, and wrist-straining. All the kitchen-work of music is done for you. But there is still the opportunity for you to exercise your faculty as an *artist*. Seated at the keyboard, no longer must your entire brain be absorbed in the task of making your finger respond to the with-difficulty-puzzled-out intricacie of somebody's score. Your whole brain, your whol heart, and your whole soul (to say nothing of you whole hands) can be given up to time and expression. Let it be said that there is no shade of expressio or of accent that is not impartable by use of th various levers and by employment of one or other the pedals. You are fancy free to play a piece as yo like. You can play it divinely or devilishly—like artist or like a fool—as your conscience or audienc permits. The chances are, of course, that you will tr and play it on the former model. Here, however, th tyro is confronted with some difficulty. Taking a piec for the first time, no doubt it will not be the easies thing to improvise the needed expression. By use the Metrostyle (which is attached only to the Pianola, Orchestrelle Company, 135-6-7, New Bond Street), it is possible to secure Olympian inspiration to guide you. On the Pianola music-rolls is a red line showing the interpretation of the work as given by a great composer or pianist. By following this line with the Metrostyle pointer you can reproduce the subtleties of rhythm and expression of the artist who has personally authorised it. Thus, if from a consciousness of your own imperfection you hesitate to interpret Chopin, or Schumann, or Liszt according to yourself, then interpret (by means of the red line) according to one of music's admitted Titans. Be a Paderewski in your drawing-room, a Grieg by your "ain fireside."

With Guitar Accompaniment

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYRIC THEATRE

Another revival of *Monsieur Beaucaire!* Truly this fire-eating hero, who makes short work of a round half-dozen opponents, is beloved of the playgoing populace. It is so long since the first production that I had almost forgotten, until it was recalled to me, a little joke attending the initial production much appreciated in professional circles. A certain youthful critic upon one of the daily papers, in his rhapsody upon a play (which leans more towards the popular and the commercial than the artistic sides), referred to it as that "fine old English comedy." *Monsieur Beaucaire*, with all its faults, is a good specimen of melodrama, well swaddled in eighteenth-century costume, and further concealing its identity by means of flowery eighteenth-century speech. It is what people want, and what they want they pay to see. Hence, a "money-maker" which will stand recurring revivals. Hardly the play, perhaps, to figure in the Anglo-Continental Dramatic Company, which Mr. Grein is engineering for the purpose of teaching our neighbours across the Channel not to look down upon English plays and players; but still a play which will always take in England so long as the theatre occupies its present position in England. What is that position? Why, an institution which, to borrow a catch-phrase of a magazine of American origin, is intended not to instruct, but to entertain. And I verily believe that if a poll were taken of Mr. Waller's very large circle of admirers they would rather see him as Monsieur Beaucaire than as Henry V. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Mr. J. T. Grein and His Projects

Pressure upon space in our last issue (the Christmas Number) compelled me to postpone reference to the big complimentary dinner to Mr. J. T. Grein, upon the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as dramatic critic. It was a great occasion, the guest of the evening having to hear not only the sweetest things spoken, but to accept a bust of himself. By-the-by, it is not true that some of the other critics have since been heard dragging in references to "My friend Rodin" in casual conversation. One of the most interesting points in the speeches was made by Mr. Grein himself. It concerned his intention, referred to in the previous paragraph, to organise an Anglo-Continental Dramatic Company, which would tour France, Holland, and Belgium, for the purpose of making the playgoing inhabitants of those countries better acquainted with the best English plays of recent years. This is a happy thought of Mr. Grein's. Because our drama has been run on strictly commercial lines it has been the fashion of foreign (and of many English) writers to deride the condition of the English stage. If plays and players are judiciously chosen (and there is every reason to hope such will be the case), Mr. Grein's scheme should certainly have the effect of charging, or rather of modifying, the opinion of foreign critics upon the English stage. We are insular, indeed. But they are peninsular in the same sense. They are as much bound by prejudice and tradition as we. The accepted notion abroad of the English stage is too akin to the accepted notion of our appearance and characteristics. Some of the criticisms passed upon the English stage by our Continental neighbours are about as near the mark as the caricatures which appear upon us in their comic papers. The opinions of our Continental critics need as much revising as the outlines in black and white of one of "*les Anglaiches*," a loosely built creature dressed in a loud check golfing suit, adorned as to his head with a tweed cap, smoking a curved pipe, and grinning to display a set of teeth which, if sown, would produce a crop of the most alarming warriors.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Latest Portrait of Mr. Lewis Waller

Who is to be seen at the Lyric in his old part of Monsieur Beaucaire. Next week Mr. Waller revives *Robin Hood*

Photo *Bassano*

A Clever Child-Actress

Little Miss Le Marchand as Liza in *Peter Pan*, which was revived on Monday at the Duke of York's. She also plays the part of the Baby Mermaid

HAYMARKET

"The Education of Elizabeth"

On a celebrated occasion an author-actor stated, with an air

of lofty unconcern, that he did not read the Press notices of his productions — and the playgoing world laughed. Mr. Roy Horniman can make no such claim. A wise beginner, he has not only made a careful study of the notices, but has actually adopted counsels contained therein. In concert with many of my brothers of the pen, I complained that the playwright had started gaily along the plane of comedy and had fallen off almost within reach of his goal. We laughed with Elizabeth the hoyden and with Elizabeth the prude. But we laughed *at* Elizabeth the distressful heroine in a Bloomsbury lodging waiting to be rescued by her modern knight-errant. Hence Mr. Horniman has blown the last act—to Bloomsbury, and has substituted a well-written, sensible ending to his play, unmarred by high-falutin' passages. The new Elizabeth is Miss Hilda Anthony. She is clever, good-looking, and quite charming. E. C. S.

SHAKESPEARE THEATRE

Something New in Pantomimes

The pantomime which Mr. H. G. Dudley Bennett will present to his patrons on Christmas Eve at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, though written by Mr. William P. Sheen round the well-known subject of "Cinderella," will contain features hitherto unassociated with this favourite children's Yuletide extravaganza. The pantomime proper is evolved from the discovery of an Aladdin's lamp, which falls out of a huge cracker, a present to one of the children at the party held on Christmas Eve at the house of Sir Jonathan Cholmondeley, Bart. On being rubbed, the Genie of the Lamp appears, who is, of course, the magic cause of the subsequent proceedings. Mr. Dudley Bennett has a find in the person of Miss Gay Silvani, a charming young actress lately playing in *The Dairymaids*, whom he has engaged to fill the rôle of Cinderella.

The Indian Rope Trick at St. George's Hall

Mr. Devant's name is once more included in the performance. He appears in a little playlet, entitled *The Magical Master*, in which he introduces the rope trick. An Indian swarms up a rope, is fired at, and vanishes into thin air. St. George's Hall will be one of the most popular places of entertainment with the young people during the Christmas holidays

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Mlle. Gaby Deslys produced at this theatre the other evening a delightful musical sketch, entitled *The Magic Toy*. The little piece calls up vivid recollections of *La Poupée*, inasmuch as, to gain the affections of her lover the more quickly, Mlle. Deslys substitutes herself for the life-size doll which he has sent her packed in a gigantic Easter egg. In this guise she sings charmingly, dances with great daintiness, and shows herself a comedienne of exceptional ability. She is ably assisted in the sketch by Mons. Georges Choof. The Vernette Carpatii Trio bar gymnasts, are making their first appearance in England here. They give a novel and extremely daring display, and should prove a valuable acquisition to the programme. The Urbanora shows films of the great Boxing Contest.

LONDON HIPPODROME

The Hippodrome management have secured a great attraction in the person of Master Max Darewski, the boy pianist and conductor. This youthful musician has recently had his hands insured for £5,000, the premium being £50 a quarter. Young Max plays a pianoforte solo, and then conducts the Hippodrome orchestra. The evening I was present he chose the overture to *William Tell* for this latter performance, which was sufficient amply to prove him to have a thorough grasp of his subject.

LONDON PAVILION

A bright entertainment is provided at this hall. Mr. George Mozart is still playing a racing drama all by himself. In turn he is hero, villain, villainess, and a host of other characters. His "take-off" of melodrama is exceedingly humorous, and bids fair to remain for some time one of the favourite items in the programme. Stylo is back here with his marvellous hoop display. Mr. Albert Whelan, the Australian comedian, is always sure of a welcome. Mr. T. E. Dunville is as grotesquely funny as ever. Miss Lily Harold appears in a song scena. The Pavilion Girls are graceful and dainty dancers. Mr. Arthur Aldridge uses his fine tenor voice to great advantage. Other turns are supplied by the Fitzroys, Miss May Henderson, Mr. Jack Mills, the Pasquali Brothers, and, finally, the Wrestlers. R. M.

SKETCHED AT THE APOLLO THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Prince von Bülow Again

Prince von Bülow, who has, once again, triumphantly emerged from a seeming *impasse*, is really a clever man. Even his fiercest opponents have never failed, in the ultimate resort, to play into his adroit hand. A great Frenchman once said that he owed ten times as much to his adversaries as he did to his friends, and that, as a public man, he would rather be accused of murder than left alone. Perhaps Prince von Bülow, who has been pitched into mercilessly by nearly all the newspapers in Europe, and has had to fight for political life with every party in the Reichstag and fence with nearly every higher official in the German Service, might say the same. Anyhow, he nearly always comes out with flying colours. When he was ill, the Emperor was confronted with the possibility of having to find a successor for him, but nobody was able to suggest a man who would have been worthy to take his place. And now he has triumphed by the mere threat to resign, so indispensable has he become to his country.

* * *

The Secret of Bülow's Success

One of the secrets of his success is certainly his unfailing good humour. His motto is: *Rien au tragique.* When he comes down to the Reichstag, every seat in the House and the gallery is occupied, and everybody makes up his mind to have a pleasant *quart d'heure.* He is not unlike Mr. Balfour in the kindly atmosphere he has been able to create around him. If he has many opponents, he has few enemies. In Society, though he has little time for its frivolities, he is full of unrestrained gaiety, and nothing pleases him better than to air his English — which is excellent — in the company of any handsome Englishwoman who may have found her way to the German Capital. How he finds time to know everything that is going on in the world, from the most frivolous to the most serious, is a puzzle to his friends. But conversation with him flows on every conceivable topic—the drama, poetry, music, literature, architecture, etc.—with an intellectual *negligé* that is most fascinating. To say that Prince von Bülow is a linguist is a quite inadequate description of his accomplishments. If his English is refined and scholarly, his French is *spirituel*, and has just that flavour of the *Boulevardier* which is like the bubbles in champagne. It would be interesting, should Prince von Bülow come to England, to hear him converse with our Prime Minister in French. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman speaks French admirably, which is, of course, well known.

Photo *Bolak*

Elizabethan Garb, A.D. 1907

The quaint official costume of a Hamburg Sheriff

* * *

The Austrian Diamond Jubilee

The aged Emperor of Austria has now quite recovered from his illness, and is frequently to be seen walking about the grounds of Schönbrunn. I have always been astonished to see how unguarded the Emperor generally is. In the morning at nine, after his second breakfast—the first having been taken at five—he goes for a walk, accompanied by one aide-de-camp, a veteran as ripe in years as himself. What an easy prey he would be for Anarchists, and yet, although plots against him have been talked about, none has hitherto been put into execution. Fortunately, the new one has been discovered in time. It would, indeed, have been a sad termination to the reign of this aged monarch if his Diamond Jubilee had been signalised by an outrage. In spite of the loose attachments between the component parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the Emperor is beloved in all parts of his motley dominions. His family misfortunes, if anything, have added to the kindliness felt for him by his people. Not that he has any personal charm or has shown any remarkable political ability

The Calm in Portugal

VIEWS OF TWO TOWNS PROMINENTLY CONCERNED IN THE PRESENT RESTFUL CRISIS

The Peace in Lisbon: Looking over the City to the Tagus from "Nossa Senhora do Monte'

The Portuguese capital, now the centre of a serious, but quite pacific, political crisis, is situated on a range of hills, the summits of which are crowned with the remains of ancient monasteries. The streets of old Lisbon are narrow and ill-kept, but the modern city is spacious and handsome

Photos] **The Quiet in Oporto: The Rua Santo Antonio, the principal business street** *[Underwood*

Oporto, Portugal's second city, is her principal port, and, of course, the chief place for the export of wine

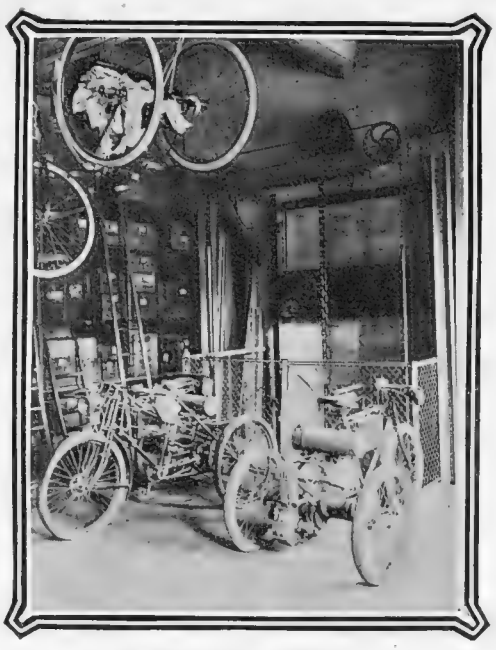
In a Paris Pawnshop

except in a sort of steady obstinacy in the maintenance of things as they are. His aristocratic bearing always appeals to the multitude, and this he has in a degree possessed by no other monarch in Europe. He has also a certain Royal *savoir-faire* in emergencies which he has from time to time used with great effectiveness for the benefit of his country. A little incident illustrating this, which is not generally known out of Italy, occurred last year.

* * *

After Algeciras

After the conference at Algeciras the Kaiser sent one of his unfortunate telegrams to Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Foreign Minister, thanking him for the support he had given to the German representative, and promising similar support to Austria should the case arise. There were two blunders in this simple act. It was not, in the first case, correct for a foreign Sovereign to send such a telegram to the Foreign Minister of a fellow-Sovereign. But the greater blunder was in enraging all Italy by this apparent promise to assist Austria in possible troubles with Italy, the only case that was the least likely to arise. The Emperor at once showed his view of the matter by promptly sending a most cordial letter of sympathy to King Victor Emmanuel in connection with the terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and by contribuitng an unusually large sum for the relief of the sufferers. This immediately closed an incident which came at a most unpropitious moment and threatened even to give rise to public anti-German manifestations throughout Italy. In such matters the Emperor has the readiness and tact of our own King, and this perhaps more than anything else accounts for the way in which, without departing from his ordinary routine, he has been able to hold together the inharmonious elements composing his Empire. The feeling of gratitude towards him has grown since his recovery. More and more do his subjects feel how difficult it will be to replace him.



Motor-Cycles as Pledges

Many and curious are the articles in pledge at the Paris Municipal pawnshops. Above will be seen a few motor-cycles, "popped," possibly, by weary wayfarers as much in search of a handy garage as of financial assistance

Photos] **Not an All-Night Police Court! Customers awaiting their turn at the Paris Municipal pawnshop** *[L. E. A.*

The gentle art of pawning things is not, according to the French idea, a matter to be ashamed of. The procedure at a Municipal pawnshop in Paris is far different from the furtive movements which characterise the would-be pawner in England, who "pops" so very privately

The Exodus to Egypt

CHARACTERISTIC CAIRO: IN THE "MOOSKI," OR NATIVE QUARTER

Photo *Anglo-Swiss Studio*

A Native Cook-shop

The Mooski is the native quarter of the now fashionable and very Occidental town of Cairo. There, at any rate, we can breathe the Oriental atmosphere, that most fascinating, but not most sanitary of odours. In few Eastern cities is a more cosmopolitan scene than in the Mooski. One meets there every kind of costume and colour. The above is a general shop in the quarter. The pile on the right of the counter is native bread. In the centre are sugar-canes. The shopman is serving cooked beans out of the big tin, having prepared them on the little stove at the back

Henley Regatta

THE BRILLIANT SCENE—SO REMINISCENT OF OUR OWN THAMES FESTIVAL—A

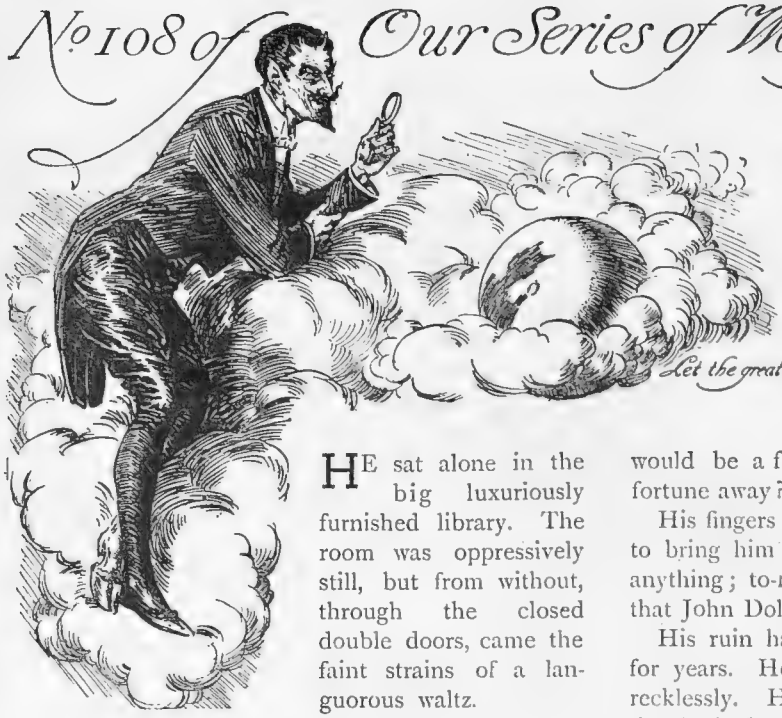
Just as the famous regatta in the Old Country is held when the Thames is looking at its brightest, so the Henley-on-Yarra Regatta, one of Melbourne's most fashionable functions, takes place during the ideal late spring-like weather of an Australian autumn. Like many great festivals of sport in the Antipodes—notably the Melbourne Cup Meeting, a function which rivals our famous Derby in popularity—the Australian Henley triumphantly vies this year numbered over fifty thousan figures of Melbourne society, includi and the Governors of Queensland, decorated house-boats, on which the

ta in the Antipodes

—AT THE HENLEY REGATTA ON THE BANKS OF THE YARRA-YARRA AT MELBOURNE

es with our own river festival. The spectators sand, prominent among them being the leading uding the Governor-General, Lord Northcote, d, Tasmania, and New South Wales. The e highest lights of Melbourne society dispensed tea and hospitality in the approved Henley fashion, were a prominent feature. The racing itself took place over a course of 1 mile and 138 yards, from the Botanical Gardens Bridge to Prince's Bridge, and during the day's sport many hard-fought contests took place, and some excellent rowing was wit..essed

No. 108 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"Fetters of Gold"

By KATHARINE RENELL

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

HE sat alone in the big luxuriously furnished library. The room was oppressively still, but from without, through the closed double doors, came the faint strains of a languorous waltz.

A grim smile curled slowly round the corners of his mouth. It really was rather comic to make one's exit from the world to the sounds, not of a "Marche Funèbre," but of dance music!

He touched almost affectionately the revolver lying on the table in front of him. It was expensive, the best of its kind like everything else in this expensive house, it would not blunder, it would do its work well.

Just one pull at the trigger, and then—ah!—respite from misery, freedom from care—eternal sleep. He leant back in his chair and his eyes strayed, half mechanically, to the little Sèvres clock on the mantelpiece. Half-past eleven. In another thirty minutes—at midnight—he had made up his mind to die.

Leaning back, with half-closed eyes, he thought over his past life. It is said that the dying—and he, surely, was practically that—sometimes see their whole lives pass before them in full review, and now he was seeing his. He saw it all from the very beginning. The childhood in his grandmother's log cabin on the bleak Irish bogs; the flight, as a lad of sixteen, to England, because, in his miserable home, he had been treated worse than a dog; the poverty, the hardships, the marriage, when he was barely twenty, to a girl of seventeen, and then, just as if the young wife had acted as a *mascot*—as, laughingly, in those days he had often told her that she had—the gradual turning of his luck. He had "struck ile," as the vulgar saying expressed it, and the man who had been little better than a beggar at twenty had, at forty, become a millionaire.

A millionaire! He opened his eyes, and glanced—the grim smile still on his face—round the splendid room. Who would have thought that the poor, beaten, half-starved little urchin of the log-cabin was going to blossom out, some day, into a Business Genius? And who would have thought, too—and the smile grew grimmer—that the man who had proved himself to have such a splendid talent for organisation, such a wonderful "grip" of his trade, would be a fool at gambling, and fritter his vast fortune away?

His fingers strayed again to the weapon which was to bring him his freedom. To-night, nobody knew anything; to-morrow, it would be in all the papers that John Dolan, the millionaire, was ruined.

His ruin had been creeping upon him stealthily for years. He had gambled—foolishly, heartlessly, recklessly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the best years of his manhood in striving for, proved such dust and ashes to him that, when he lost it, he did not mind?

A look of intense bitterness crept into his eyes. Ah! he had loved her, the pretty village maiden he had made his wife! They had been happy in the poor little poverty-stricken home—happier far than he, at any rate, had ever been in Grosvenor Square. And then? Then the money had begun to come in, and they had drifted apart. Mary had such a big house now to attend to—she had her visitors, her gaieties, her numerous rounds of what she called her "duty" calls. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say; it only takes about three years, he reflected half humorously, half bitterly, to make a lady. He had never been a gentleman—never would be one, he knew—and he remembered his sudden feeling of amazement, of shock, when he had seen his wife on the occasion of her Presentation at Court. Mary, at twenty, had been shy, awkward, a typical country miss, nothing more; at thirty, she had had the ease and graciousness of a young queen. She had carried herself superbly; her little head—on which the diamond tiara had seemed, to him, to twinkle with mocking, derisive eyes—was poised proudly on the slender throat. She wore her Court train, her feathers, as if she had been accustomed to such gorgeous raiment all her life. Mary had very soon adapted herself to the rôle of *grande dame*.

And then the children! In the cottage home they had been a never-ending source of delight. Well he remembered how, when he came back in the evenings tired from his work, they would meet him in the doorway, these four beings whom he loved: the baby crowing on Mary's shoulder, Harry, the boy, Molly, the eldest girl, clinging to her skirts. Then, after tea, they would gather round the fire, and, with Mary sitting beside him, her soft arm round his neck, they two would talk eagerly of the business

(Continued on page 578

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Old Farce FOR THE "New"

REVIVAL OF "THE NEW BOY" AT THE NEW THEATRE

Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw (*Felix Roach*) — Mr. E. F. Mayeur (*De Brisac, the French Master*)

ROACH: "Where do you hear such stories—a boy like you?"

Mr. Leon M. Lion (*Archibald Renwick, the "New Boy"*) — Miss Nellie Redwood (*Nancy Roach*)

"You are a beast, a pig—which you like!"
"Thank you, I've no choice"

Photos — *Bassano*

Miss Gladys Homfry (*Mrs. Renwick. Her original part*) — Mr. John Beauchamp (*Dr. Candy, Principal of Birchgrove School, Fulwich. His original part*)

ARCHIBALD: "Gentlemen, if we take an unprejudiced view of this case——"
DR. CANDY: "Silence, sir!"

A few months ago the astounding discovery was made that farces are funny and make the people laugh. Since that date there has set in a revival of farce. It is so long since farces have been in vogue that playwrights have got out of the way of writing them. Hence, no new farces being forthcoming, recourse was had to some old-time and successful farces. Time has not dulled the amusement of *The New Boy*. One must still roar over the adventures of Archibald Renwick, the diminutive husband transformed for the time being into one of Dr. Candy's pupils, and his ill-treatment at the hands of Bullock Major

(Continued from page 576)

which he had just, in a humble way, begun to start, and make plans—half-jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do "when they got rich!" Harry, the boy, should be sent to a good school—he had always sorely felt the lack of education in his own life, and determined that, if wealth ever did come to him, his son should not suffer in the same way. Molly and Baby—the darlings, they were so pretty!—they should have the loveliest frocks that money could buy! Day-dreams! But, unlike most day-dreams, they had actually been realised!

Harry had had a good education, and, in his first term at Harrow, he had realised bitterly that his son despised him. He was "common," and Harry was a gentleman—made so by his gold; and now that the Harrow days were over and a crack regiment had been entered by the idle, good-for-nothing young man who would never have had the brains or the energy to make the fortune which his father had, he knew that he was despised still more.

Molly and Baby—Kathleen she was called now—had had "the loveliest frocks that money could buy." They had inherited their mother's beauty, while "poor papa's *bourgeoisie*," as they called it, had been fortunately left out. Molly was married—to the eldest son of a peer; Kathleen, the younger girl, was expected to make an equally brilliant match. There had been a rich young American at her feet all the season; in the few hurried conversations which, in her whirl of social distractions, Mary found time to have with him, she had told him that it was "to bring the thing to a satisfactory climax" that this ball was being given to-night.

Well, they were well provided for—those whom he was leaving behind. If they were going to be left helpless he would not have done it—would not have recklessly gambled away his fortune, would not have thrown away his life—but they were left with settled prospects. Harry's money had been settled on him when he came of age; nobody could touch that; the girls would have wealthy husbands, and Mary——

A shadow fell across the stern, grave face. Mary was a beautiful woman, she was fairly young—under fifty still—she would marry again.

Doubtless, after the first shock was over, she would be glad to be released from the "common" husband of whom, he had guessed long ago, she was ashamed.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out twelve. Without a moment's hesitation, he stood up. With his right hand he raised the revolver to his temple.

. . . . . .

The door opened, and his wife came into the room.

Quick as lightning, he hid the deadly weapon behind his back. Anxiously, he searched her face. No, she had not seen the revolver, had not surmised what he was going to do.

"John, I have come to fetch you. Is it not rather rude for you to hide yourself in here, away from all your guests?" She came slowly towards him. Yes, Mary was certainly a most beautiful woman—a young-looking woman, too. In her white brocade dress, diamonds shimmering on her neck and in her hair, she looked almost like one of her own daughters. And yet—he had loved her best in the sun-bonnet and print frock!

He looked at her angrily. Why had she interrupted him? And then he almost laughed. Good heavens! He must loathe this "too, too solid flesh" of his, indeed, to be in such a hurry to make an end of his life! He was only delayed a few minutes—he could kill himself directly she had gone again.

"I hate my guests," he answered. He spoke roughly. "What do they come for? To feast in my house, drink my champagne, and laugh at me behind my back directly they have left!"

"John! I wish you would not talk like that! You won't come to the ball-room, then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

She looked up at him. He softened a little at the sweet wistfulness of her face. After all, they had loved each other once.

"I—I am busy. I have something else to do—just now."

He clutched feverishly at the weapon behind his back. What a mercy that she had not seen it!

She sighed. It seemed to him—or was it fancy?—that the wistfulness on her face deepened a little. A shadow fell across it.

"That is what it has been for years, John. You have always been 'busy.' Making money, I suppose.'

He did not answer, and she moved to a sofa and sat down. He noticed how the softly shaded electric lamp drew out the rich tints in her hair.

"I—I have something to tell you," she said, gently; "about Kathleen. I thought, as the girl's father, that you would, perhaps, be interested——"

He laughed.

"Kathleen herself has never betrayed the slightest interest in, or affection for, me since she was ten years old. Why should I be interested in her?"

It was rather a cruel taunt, to the girl's own mother, but Mary ignored it. She sat very still, gazing straight before her, and he saw a tender maternal look steal over her face.

"Young Vanderveldt has proposed to her to-night. She has just told me. I hope—I hope the dear child will be happy."

"There is small doubt of that. He has tons of money, hasn't he?" Again he laughed. The laughter sounded bitter and hard.

His wife looked at him. There was a half-puzzled, half-reproachful expression in the large grey eyes.

"Why do you talk like that, John? Why do you look so white, so—so—odd?"

His laughter had died down, but it had left a lingering smile—cruel, mocking,—on his lips.

"You interrupted me," he said, harshly; "your entrance just now was—was ill-timed."

"What were you going to do?" The clear, steady eyes were still fixed on his face. There was something about Mary to-night—her stillness, her gentleness—which, somehow, irritated him. It acted on his already over-strung nerves as a match applied to a torch. With a sort of bravado—defiance—he withdrew the revolver from behind his back and brandished it in front of her face.

"Blow my brains out!" he cried. It was cheap melodrama, but he had expected Mary to be impressed by it. He had expected her to scream—possibly, faint. Instead, however, she sat quite still. Only the sudden whitening of her face, the sudden

(Continued on page 580)

The Delights of Motoring

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

THE NEW 20 H.-P. BEESTON-HUMBER CAR IN A DELIGHTFULLY LEAFY LANE

(*Continued from page 578*)

little catch in her breath, betrayed that she had even heard at all. Then, suddenly, she got up from her seat.

"Why?" she asked.

He was amazed—and, perhaps, a trifle disappointed—at her coolness. Then a thought struck him. Mary thought that he was suddenly stricken with madness, and her attitude of calm collectedness was the one which she considered wisest to adopt towards a lunatic. Well, he would show her that his desperate words and action had not been the idle ravings of a maniac—that he was in deadly earnest.

He laid the revolver down on the table, and caught hold of her hands.

"Because I am ruined!" he said. The small hands within his trembled, but still Mary did not flinch—still the lovely, gentle eyes were fixed, calmly, on his face.

"Ruined!" he repeated, and his voice was low and hoarse. "They think I am a millionaire, the people dancing and feasting to-night in my house. To-morrow, the whole world will know that my money is lost! I am a beggar!"

"But how have you lost it?"

He let go her hands suddenly, and threw his out with a gesture of despair. He did not notice that, directly her hands were released, she snatched up the deadly weapon on the table and concealed it behind her back.

"Gambling! Oh, you didn't know that I was a gambler, did you? For the past ten years I have been frittering my hard-earned money away. I gambled on the Stock Exchange, on the Turf, at Monte Carlo—those annual visits which I paid there, when I always would go alone, were simply to indulge my awful passion—and I always—always—lost!"

"But why, in the name of Heaven, did you do it?"

She did not treat him to tears, abuses, or reproach. She simply stood there calmly, and looked him straight in the face.

Almost unconsciously, he hung his head. Before, he had not been in the least ashamed of himself. He had thought his conduct—taking into consideration the fact that he was unhappy in his home—perfectly justified. Now—well, some people might think that to ruin your wife and children by gambling, and then bring further disgrace on them by committing suicide, the action of a brute and a cad.

"Because—oh, because I was miserable, reckless, mad—I did not care what I did! A man must go somewhere to find amusement, happiness, and I—I found no happiness in my own home!"

"Oh—John!"

At last she broke down. Her face worked, tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Mary!" he lifted his bowed head. "You remember the old days, when we were poor, how we longed to get rich? We did get rich, and I learnt to curse—yes, curse!—the money which forged fetters of gold around my neck! What was money to me, do you think, when my children and my wife—ah! especially my wife!—were daily drifting away from me? You despised me! You, Mary, were able to take your place in Society—women adapt themselves to their surroundings far more easily than men do—and I—I was not. So, now, I am best out of the way."

The low, desperate voice broke off in a kind of sob. He moved to the table for the revolver—yes, he would do it now, in front of the woman who had ceased to love him——

The weapon was not there.

With a fierce exclamation, he turned to his wife. Mary was breathing heavily, her face was death-like, two little crimson drops—she had bitten her underlip till the red blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing—the children are provided for—what was to become of—of—*me*?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary; I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply—it was as if she treated the remark with contempt. She asked him something else.

"When all your debts are paid—all your affairs wound up—shall I have any money?"

"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived—on 'very little'—once."

He glanced at her, sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face—that look of tender happiness—of love? Ah! he remembered! On that summer evening, years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy—too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eyes.

"Far happier than we have ever been since we were rich."

The silence in the room was intense. The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece—the only sound which broke the stillness—was like the beating of a heart.

Suddenly, he felt a soft arm round his neck.

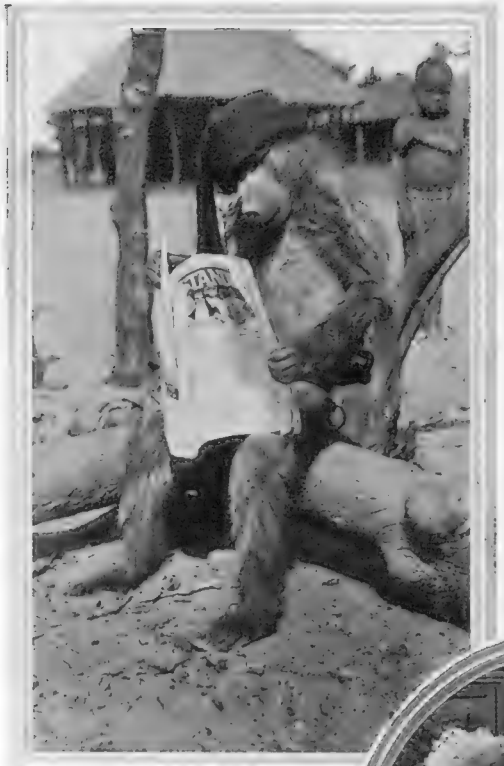
"John!—you never knew it, you were always so busy, you never seemed to have time to talk to your poor little wife—but for years I—I have hated the money, too. It was all right for the children—they were young, and had never known anything else; but we—we were old folks, old-fashioned"—she smiled—"and, whatever I might have appeared outwardly, I could never quite throw off the past. You thought the new prosperity made me drift apart from you; well, I thought it made you drift apart from me. You were always so occupied with your business, your affairs, which I was too stupid to understand. But now the money is lost, and I am glad—yes, glad!—for to me, too"—and there was a sob in the low, tender voice—"it has been fetters round *my* neck. John!—oh, my husband!—whom I have always loved better than anyone else in the whole world!—let us go back to the little cottage—let us begin life over again."

She put the revolver back on the table—she knew there was no more need to hide it—and both the soft, clinging arms were round his neck now. And he was sobbing, with his grey head on her breast—sobbing like a child.

Yes, he would take up his life again—that life which he had so nearly thrown away—and, once more, he would be happy, with the happiness which only love can give.

KATHARINE RENELL.

Beasts as Gentle Readers (Also a Baby)



Read by a Baboon

Photograph of a very intelligent tame baboon, who, as may be seen, is exhibiting considerable interest in the contents of THE BYSTANDER. Note envious look of nigger boy in background

By an Ourang Outang

The above was taken in the Zoo at Melbourne. On being handed a copy of THE BYSTANDER for criticism, this animal, an orang outang, after looking through it carefully, devoured it, literally page by page, in a most unappreciative manner. Sent by Mr. SOMERSET STRUM, "Clonrye," Brighton Beach, Victoria, Australia

By a "Teddy Bear"

THE BYSTANDER is here seen in the hands of "Teddy Bear," of New York, and an interested companion of his. America has gone wild on "Teddy Bears," and absorbs them by the thousand. Sent by Miss MACLAUCHLAN, 9, Melville Crescent, Edinburgh

And by—Moses (or, anyway, an infant in a somewhat similar situation to that of the early days of the patriarch)

This sturdy little fellow is the son of an Indian Sirdar, and, at the time the photograph was taken, was only nine months old. Sent by Mr. SPENCER C. CAREY, Alexandra Junction, Natal

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Will Sport with Hounds Improve?

Christmas next week will remind us of how rapidly the hunting season is progressing. Granted favourable weather, the three or four weeks following the Yuletide festivities are generally among the most enjoyable of the whole season, for horses are then at their fittest. They are not above themselves, as in the early days of November, nor are they showing obvious signs of wear and tear, as at the end of February. They are just "fit to go." Foxes, too, show a disposition to make longer points as the season advances, and, if only scent serves tolerably well, hunting people ought to be in for some very pleasant sport. Surely, the bad scent which has clung so persistently so far to most of the packs in the Midland district and elsewhere cannot last the whole season through? The wonder is that it has been so bad, for really the prevailing conditions have been just what one wants for scent, namely, an even temperature, soft winds, and frequent rains. Whether the much-talked-of "blue haze" is responsible for the poverty of scent cannot be definitely said. What we do know is that in many countries sport has been distinctly disappointing so far.

Gone to Ground!
An incident in a day's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds

The Best Amateur Huntsman

The Duke of Beaufort, with whose hounds a digging-out incident is depicted in the accompanying illustration, has lately had the formidable task of hunting the pack six days a week himself. This is on account of an accident to his veteran professional huntsman, Will Dale, who recently took a bad fall. Fortunately, the Duke is equal to the emergency. Years ago he won the reputation of being the best amateur huntsman in the kingdom, "quite at the top of the tree," as a brother M.F.H. once put it, and in knowledge of foxes and hounds there is no professional who can teach him very much. He has a wonderful eye to hounds. A critic has declared that he always knows what they are doing, and possesses that instinctive knowledge of the ways of a fox which seems to amount almost to genius, but is really the outcome of a long experience and a natural aptitude for fox-hunting. When the talk is of veteran huntsmen, it will come as a surprise to many people to know that the Duke of Beaufort holds the record for huntsmen still on the active list. It was as far back as 1868 when his father, the eighth Duke, handed the horn to him, owing to the professional, Tom Clark, having retired. In his very first season the young huntsman, only just of age, and at that time a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards, had great sport. His military services prevented him from seeing much of hounds in kennel, yet they knew him well, and whenever he appeared at the meet the pack rushed to greet him with every demonstration of delight. He is an ideal M.F.H., whose services to fox-hunting have been beyond computation.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Tally Ho! Forrard Away!

With the Cheshire Hounds after their meet at Eaton Hall, November 29, 1907. The field galloping over some typical Cheshire country in a fine hunting run

Anticipations

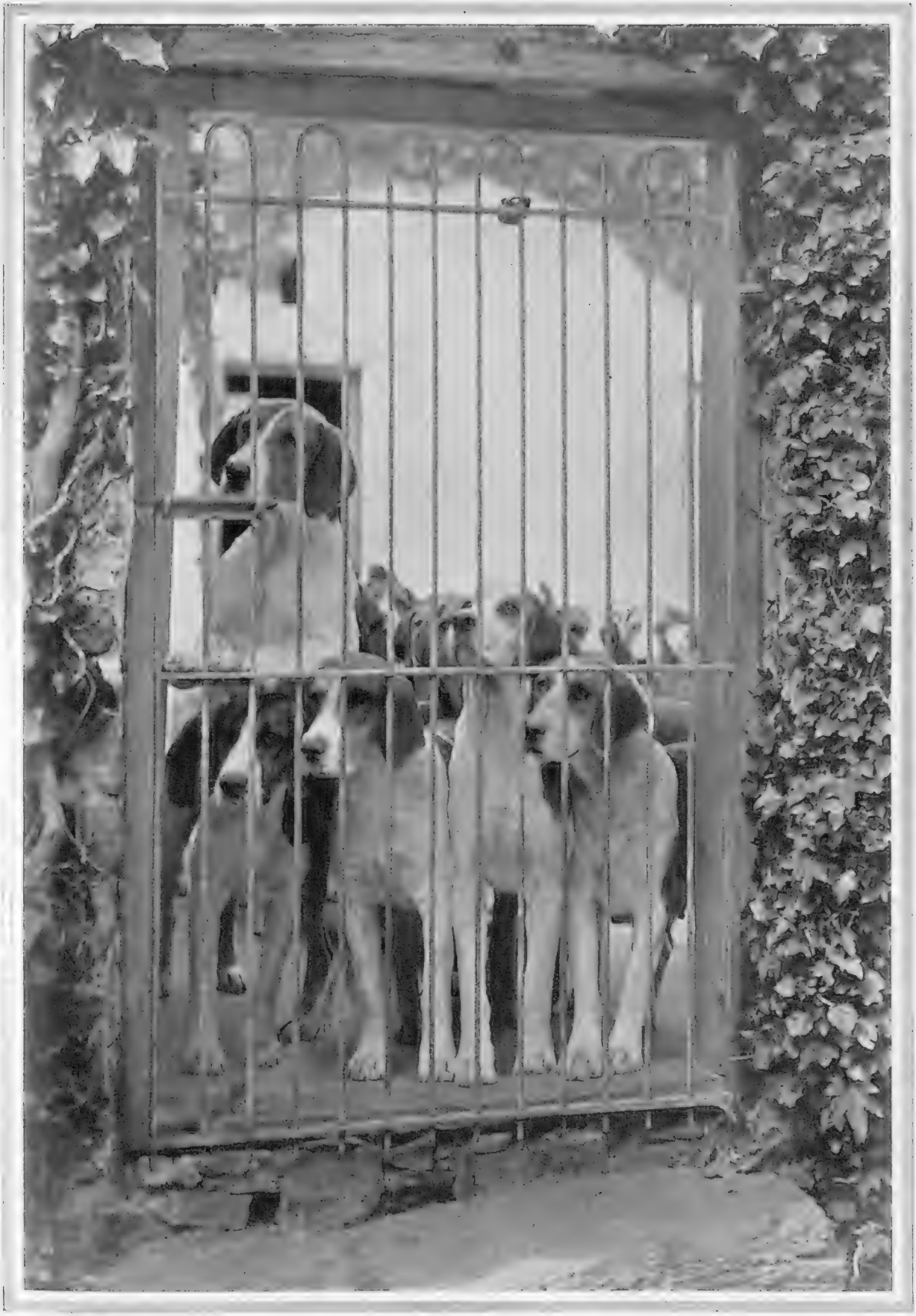


Photo *Poole*

THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

The Master of the Atherstone

"This is indeed bad news," said a regular follower of the Atherstone last week when he was told that Mr. J. C. Munro had placed his resignation in the hands of the Hunt Committee. Masters of Mr. Munro's stamp, with a great knowledge of hounds and hunting and a way of pleasing all classes, are not easy to find. And when found, they cannot be parted with except with deep regret. In the Atherstone country Mr. Munro has been an unquestioned success. His skill in hound-breeding has tended to the continued improvement of the hounds, which were already a magnificent pack when he took them over from Mr. Gerald Hardy in 1903. The Atherstone have carried off great honours at the Peterborough Show under the leaderships of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Munro, and to-day they are certainly worth not less than the 3,500 guineas for which they were purchased on Mr. Hardy's migration to the Meynell country. This is a big price for a pack of hounds, but probably only about a third of what the Belvoir would fetch if they were to be sold. The Brocklesby and the Badminton packs would also command very big sums. I believe that Lord Fitzwilliam gave 4,500 guineas for the Grove Hounds when he bought them from Viscount Galway at the end of last season.

Excitement with the Grafton

My Towcester correspondent tells me that the Grafton had an exciting finish to a good run the other day. The fox, hard pressed by hounds, jumped over the door of a cow-shed in Shalstone village, where twelve cows were tied up ready for milking. Hounds were quickly after him, and the greatest pandemonium prevailed, the cowman yelling, the hounds baying at the fox and howling when the terrified cattle kicked out at them. Jack Scott, the first whipper-in, dashed in on the tail of hounds, followed by the Master, Mr. McNeill, and the secretary, Mr. Hunter. With a wild cry of "Shut the door, or he will escape," Jack, with one wild dash, caught the fox by his brush, and, to prevent him from biting, swung him round and round. The space being very limited, Mr. McNeill and Mr. Hunter had some difficulty in keeping out of the reach of the snapping jaws of the swung fox and the heels of the maddened cows; and the place being in utter darkness, except when Lord Alfred FitzRoy opened the door to see the fun and was immediately shouted at to shut it, it must have been a relief to Mr. McNeill and the others when hounds killed their fox and they were able to take him outside to break up.

The Coming Breed

I ken the Terrier o' the North,
I ken the towsy tyke—
Ye'll search frae Tweed to Sussex' shore,
But never find his like.

So wrote an enthusiast about the Scottish terrier —"Scotia's best o' dogs"—and no doubt the growing popularity of the West Highland variety would still further have inspired him. The West Highland White Terriers are known to-day as the "coming breed," but, as a matter of fact, these dogs have existed for very many years in that rugged part of Scotland after which they are named, and where they are used for bolting the hill fox out of the cairns. It was only at the end of 1906 that an English club was formed, and the Kennel Club gave them a place on their register as a standard breed. These little dogs should be pure white in colour, with a strong foreface, dark eyes, nose, and prick ears. Their coats should be long, hard, and wiry, and with a thick undercoat to preserve them from the inclement weather of their native country.

The Coming Breed: Mr. Donald McNeill and a few of his West Highland white terriers

This breed has come very prominently to the front lately, and the West Highland White Terrier Club of England has been formed under the Presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen. It would be impossible to find a prettier, more sporting-looking little dog

The Gamest of Terriers

They are acknowledged to be one of the gamest types of terrier living, and when once they have got hold of their quarry they never let go. A prettier, more sporting-

Snipe Shooting in Ireland: A typical snipe-bog

looking little dog does not exist. The West Highland White Terrier Club of England was got together by Mr. Donald McNeill, and great credit is due to him for the way in which he has brought the breed into prominence. He has always been interested in these game little terriers, and has at last had the satisfaction of seeing them catered for at all the leading shows. He comes of a "doggy" family, and is a brother of Mr. Charles McNeill, the Master of the Grafton Hounds, and a successful breeder of fox-terriers. Among the best of Mr. D. McNeill's West Highland terriers are Colonsay and Colonsay Colma. The Countess of Aberdeen is the president of the English club, and Colonel Malcolm, of Poltalloch, is vice-president, and both own some beautiful specimens of the breed. A tale has been told of a white Highland terrier who got firmly wedged in a deep rocky "earth" where his friends could not get to help him. Only a pair of bright eyes looking appealingly from the depths could be seen. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck the keeper. He got a rabbit-skin, rolled it up, tied it to some cord, and dropped it into the hole. Sensible doggy promptly caught hold of the skin, and by that means was dragged out of his prison more dead than alive.

Snipe Shooting in Ireland

Reports from Irish snipe-bogs tell of the presence there of birds in large numbers, and, should the present open weather continue, the guns will be busy for some weeks to come. At St. John's Point, Co. Donegal—where our photographs were recently taken—is one of the very best snipe-bogs in the North. Snipe shooting is, *par excellence*, the sport of the keen gunner of moderate means in Ireland, much of which is absolutely free; in a few cases only a small rental is asked (or a daily or weekly charge made), but in none is the cost prohibitive; and, as a general rule, the sport obtained is of a most exciting character. There are no "silly" snipe in the Emerald Isle!

A. W. C.

Photos *Shrubsole*

Snipe Shooting in Ireland, the Sport of the keen Gunner of Moderate Means: An anxious moment

GAMES AND PASTIMES

An Unexpected Win in an Unexpected Way

The great charm of the 'Varsity Rugger match lies in the fact that it hardly ever turns out to be what you expect it to be. Very often the non-favourites win; but although this did not happen last week—for Oxford were certainly the favourites—and although the prophets were so far justified, yet I doubt whether anybody struck, in anticipation, the keynote of Oxford's success. The conclusion of the *cognoscenti* was that Oxford were very dangerous in attack but vulnerable (in spite of Davies) in defence. Yet, as it turned out, Oxford owed their victory, as much as anything, to the soundness of their defence. It was *the* feature of the match, and but for it that wonderful burst with which Cambridge led off, and which, with the aid of the wind, they managed to sustain for fully twenty minutes, might have had the desired effect of bustling Oxford clean off their game. The brunt of the work of stemming this onslaught was thoroughly well done by Davies, as might have been expected; but another man who came out very strong in defence was Tarr, who was chosen as a centre three-quarter in preference to the old Blue, Steinthal, mainly on account of the good form he showed against Blackheath. It was obvious that Oxford were a good deal shaken up by the impetuosity with which their rivals went for them at the start; but when once the rush had spent itself without avail, they soon got together, and their superior speed, aided by good combination, did the rest.

Cambridge's Bad Policy

I cannot help thinking that the Cambridge tactics were well conceived, but (even allowing for the excellence of Oxford's defence) badly executed. I take it that the idea was to make the most of the advantage of having the wind behind them in the first half, and to go all out for a lead, with the prospect of being able, at least, to sit on it after change of ends. But if so, why did they resort so much to kicking into touch? Kicking into touch gains ground but seldom results directly in a score. If they couldn't trust their passing why didn't they try the old Yorkshire dodge of kicking high and following up with a rush? As a matter of fact, their passing in the first ten minutes was quite good enough to justify them in persevering with it, and yet, because it didn't quite succeed, they gave it up and took to kicking. And, as it happened, they never got it back. It was manifestly impossible for them to keep up the pace which they set at the start—it was much too hot—and, as it merely resulted in a waste of energy, so the turning point of the match came shortly before half-time, with Oxford's first try, which like their second, afforded a good illustration of Martin's speed. Prior to this, Oxford seemed to be in some danger of catching the kicking infection from Cambridge, and missed at least one good chance by kicking when a pass was obviously indicated; but Martin's first try put them on the right line, and thenceforward they wisely kept to it. For the greater part of the second half, during which Oxford scored four more tries, the play was in the Cambridge half of the ground (rather to my annoyance, because I happened to be in the pavilion at the other end); but towards the end Macleod took sole charge, as it were, and put in two lovely runs, one of them the best of the whole day, though it did not score.

London's Derelict Armada: The L.C.C. Fleet in its winter quarters

Deprived of the inestimable boon of their winter steamboat service, Londoners have also recently had the dread news sprung upon them that the L.C.C. is contemplating the disposal of six of their gallant fleet. It is hoped that the rumour will be jealously guarded, lest it should get to the ears of any of the foreign Powers who are increasing the strength of their navies

The 'Varsity Match at Queen's Club

Oxford Use their Feet and Get Away

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A General View of the Ground and Spectators

A Line Out

The result of the 'Varsity match at Queen's Club on Tuesday, the 10th inst., came somewhat as a surprise, for though undoubtedly Oxford were the favourites, it was hardly expected that they would succeed in beating Cambridge by such a big score as 1 goal and 4 tries to nil. To a great extent, Oxford owed their victory to the soundness of their defence

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Haskell Ball Case Result

At length we have reached finality in the great Haskell ball case. The Haskell Company, not satisfied with the decision of the Court of Appeal, took their case to the higher and final tribunal, with the result that the two previous decisions have been sustained, and their appeal has been dismissed with costs. I tremble to think what that ominous word "costs" must mean in this protracted case, which has been fought with the utmost tenacity on both sides right to the bitter end. It is evident that the stake at issue must have been enormously valuable; for if the Haskell Company had been able to get a verdict in favour of their patent, they would have had a monopoly of the golf-ball making trade of the world, and every other Company would have had to pay them royalties on the balls they made and sold.

Thanks Due

The thanks of all players are, therefore, due to Messrs. Hutchison, Main and Co., who refused to bow the knee, and whose original contention that the Haskell patent was bad and invalid has been affirmed by the highest Court of the land. I have carefully read the judgment given by the Lords, and, briefly summed up, it amounts to this: that there can be no patent in a ball, however ingeniously constructed, which consists of rubber core, rubber threads, and outer casing of gutta-percha. This I take to be the meaning of the mystic phrase "want of subject matter," which was the main ground on which the Lords founded their judgment. It is, undoubtedly, hard luck for the inventor of the Haskell ball, who introduced a novelty into the game of golf, but not into the world of ball games.

Free Trade in Golf Balls

When one comes to think that ball games have been played ever since the world began, this result is not surprising. We know now that what may be an absolute novelty for one game still may not carry the stamp of a patent, for some other game may have used a ball made on somewhat similar principles. As an example of this I may mention that Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd and Co., of the Haymarket, supplied a base ball to Messrs. Hutchison, Main and Co. of a sort that they had been making for over twenty years. This was cut open before the Lords and found to contain a core wound round with rubber thread at a tension. It is well that a final decision has at last been reached, because there is now no bar to the making of every sort of ball. Free trade in balls has been once more established.

Photos

Mr. Weaver

Mr. A. J. Graham

Dixon

Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion

The St. Andrews Meeting of the Royal Liverpool Club, at Hoylake, was characterised by an unusual result, three players, Mr. Weaver, Mr. A. J. Graham, and Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion, tying with 81 for first place for the Scratch Prize

THE THREE "FIRSTS" IN THE SCRATCH PRIZE MATCH AT THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL CLUB

A Sympathetic Tear

While I rejoice, as a player, at the destruction of the fetters which threatened the ball-making trade, I cannot, as a sportsman, refrain from a sympathetic tear over the bad luck of the inventor of the Haskell ball, who conferred an immense boon on the game in spite of the croakings of the *laudatores temporis acti*, who vainly assert that the new ball has ruined golf. To which argument I have always replied, and shall continue to reply, "Fudge."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

London and South Western Railway

To meet the Christmas rush, the South Western Railway are running all their expresses in duplicate during the few days preceding Christmas, and on Christmas Eve are running special trains at cheap rates up to midnight to all the chief centres in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Hants, and Wilts. On Christmas morning a special express is being run to Bournemouth at 10.15 a.m.

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By Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

The Daimler Co. have recently issued an exhaustive booklet embodying some of the more recent testimonials received by them from users of Daimler Cars. This production is bound with stiff covers and the letters are reproduced in facsimile, being the first time that a quantity of customers' appreciations has been shown in such a form. In fact, the booklet is entirely unique and should be perused by all prospective purchasers of Motor Carriages.

Applications should be made immediately as the quantity is limited.

— THE —

Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

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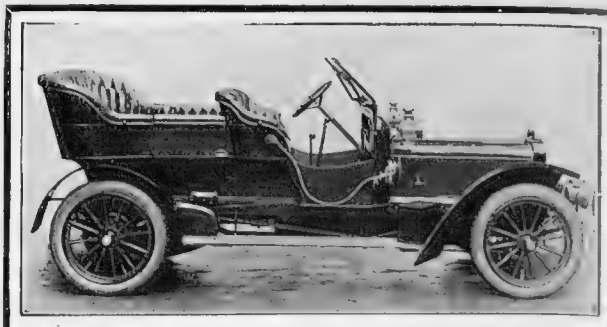
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.



The Success of the

SUNBEAM

At the Olympia Show

was one of the most noticeable features. The two new cars—the 35 h.p. and 20 h.p. Sunbeams, with their remodelled engines, were greatly admired by nearly every expert. Other interesting features were the ball-bearings to road wheels and the improved Oil Bath Chain Cases, as perfected by the Sunbeam manufacturers. The superb body designs and finish of the Sunbeam Cars are again striking features of the Sunbeam Cars for 19..

If you are interested in the Sunbeam Cars, Write for Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

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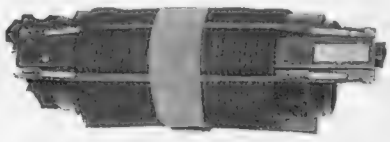

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This press is not merely made or intended for Travel-use alone. Although it weighs but 1½ lbs., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots, it is as efficient in every respect as the cumbrous Wooden Press. It stretches and presses every part of the trousers, and even if three pairs be inserted, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is made for All-round use — Home or Travel.

Full particulars on application.

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WES

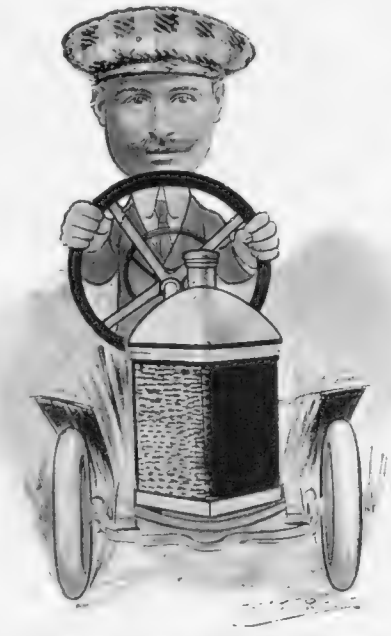
AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The chauffeur of Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., was summoned before the Aldershot magistrates a week or two ago for driving along the footpath. The main road from London to Southampton, near Blackwater, had been "repaired," in the view of the local authorities, though to everybody else it looked a mass of unrolled rough granite stones which badly needed the attention of the steam-roller. The chauffeur, with commendable care for his master's property, slowly picked his way (in the car *bien entendu!*) along the footpath for a short distance. No foot passenger or vehicle was anywhere in sight, but the alert police were. Result, the magistrates fined the man a guinea and endorsed his licence. Maybe the chauffeur was technically wrong, but it is in cases such as this, where a slight technical offence is committed, that the police demonstrate the true energy of which they are capable.

* * *

Another case of interest to the public occurred last week when a man sued the London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., for £40 damages through being knocked down by one of their motor-'buses. The vehicle skidded owing to the greasy condition of the road, and the Company's counsel suggested that, as the L.G.O.C. had to pay for licences for their vehicles, they and other road-users were entitled to expect that the road would be kept properly cleaned. Under the circumstances it was suggested that the Borough Council of the district (Holborn, I think) should pay the damages. I am not sure of the truth of that contention. The London General Omnibus Co. and other companies have to pay their rates and taxes and also for licences to ply for hire and in the circumstances, the authorities who take their money should have to see that they fulfil their part of the obligation, viz., that the roads are in a decent state. On the other hand, it must be admitted that these motor-'buses are driven very recklessly through traffic, and it is perhaps unreasonable to ask a passive Borough Council to stand the racket whenever a motor-'bus runs amok. If a driver is careful it is surprising how rarely he will skid even on the greasiest roads, but when motor-'bus drivers zigzag all over the roads they are tempting Providence, and, probably, playing ducks and drakes with the money of the shareholders.



Car-icature — No. LIII.: Mr. Warwick Wright

Best known to the public through his connection with Darracq and Minerva cars, he is one of the most "hustling" of our rising race of motorists. He only entered the motor business two and a half years ago, having formerly been connected with the famous works of Vickers, Son and Maxim

(By Alick P. F Ritchie)

* * *

The motor Press seems to realise, at length, that motorists are unpopular, and give reasons, more or less inaccurate, for the popular animus. The reason really is a simple one. You know the ancient wheeze where two honest labourers observe an unknown man approaching them. "'Ullo, Bill, 'ere's a stranger," remarks one of them. "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im, then!" pleasantly observes the other. The attitude of the Briton is very similar to this. Except for the progressive minority who have long ago become motorists, the Englishman dislikes those who own motors and dislikes the cars themselves. They cause him a certain amount of inconvenience, for he cannot stroll along the middle of the road with such a fine disregard of traffic as was once the case. He objects to their tooting to him to get out of their way. Sometimes they splash him as they go by. He is told that the roads are wearing badly, and that the rates must be increased to cover the expenditure. Why should he, the respectable householder Smith, be called upon to pay a higher rate because of motor-cars? He does not own one, and why should he have to contribute to the pleasure of those who do?

EXCHANGES ARRANGED. Any new car supplied at current prices, with a full allowance for your old car.—Corry Hurford, Ltd., 171, Great Portland Street, W. Telephone: 379 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Hurfordus, London."

Miss Kitty Gordon on her 20 h.-p. Daimler

This car, which has a wheel-base of 9ft. 6in., is painted blue, with blue mouldings and fine white lines. The upholstery is in drab cloth, and the fittings are of brass

I confess I share Smith's objection to the increase in rates, but that is a matter for which, as I have explained before in these pages, the motorist should not be justly blamed. The true cause of Smith's dislike of motorists is not the rising rates, for even he knows that motorists have to pay taxes for using the road. It is jealousy. Why should certain people be able to dash along the roads in comfortable motors when Mr. Smith cannot afford one? But when this gentleman gets on a motor-omnibus his views become temporarily changed. He wishes the horse-drawn 'buses would get out of his way, and in a taxi-cab his views become more pronounced still. "The slow traffic should be made to hug the kerb, sir, or the police should summon the drivers. How slow people are in getting out of the light. Look at that ass—standing still in the middle of the road; he almost deserves to be knocked over!" Thus Mr. Smith in a taxi. The knowledge of the great benefits that motoring has bestowed on mankind will one day, perhaps, be possessed by the humbler members of the community, but it will be a long while before this jealousy is overcome. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LIII.: Warwick Wright

Warwick Wright, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is better known to the sporting public through his connection with Darracq cars, which he has driven in many British and foreign competitions. He is now interested in the Minerva cars, which he considers the "best value for money on the market," and certainly the excellent showing of Minerva cars in the Ardennes Circuit, when three 50 h.-p. Minervas finished, respectively, first, second, and sixth, gives our victim some right to the claim. Warwick is still, one might say, in his first youth, having been born as recently as 1876, and considering the amount of work he has crammed into his thirty-one years he may be described as a hustler of the first water. He only entered the motor business two and a half years ago, having previously been in the famous works of Vickers, Son and Maxim, is addicted to swimming and golf, and is a young man of considerable daring and spirit. It is still a secret, but we believe he intends to "go out" for a certain speed record on his 100 h.-p. Darracq before the New Year comes in.

* * *

Miscellanea

At the Stanley Show, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. had a very artistic stand. Their tyres, of course, are as well known to cyclists and motor-cyclists as they are to motorists.

Those motorists who have not yet bought all their Christmas presents should obtain a most dainty little catalogue, entitled Dunhill's "Christmas Motorities."

Messrs. Gamage have sent us a copy of their diary for 1908. It consists of nearly 200 gilt-edged pages, but is printed on such good thin bank paper, and so well bound, as to be less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. Many of its pages contain useful information on all the leading games and pastimes. There are also memoranda pages, a spacious diary, dated with all the principal events of the year's Turf, and a section for recording the cost of motor-car maintenance. In addition, it is fitted with a patent self-opening memo tablet and pencil, and given with it is a £1,000 insurance policy. The price of this excellent little diary, of which all sportsmen should obtain a copy, is but 8*d.*

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

The terms Christmas, Presents, Home-coming, and Indigestion are closely allied just at present. Our calendar warns us of the near approach of the first, while hints on the procuring and the curing of the second and fourth will be found in our advertisement columns. It only remains, therefore, for us to deal with the subject of home-coming and travel facilities.

Northward Ho! By the L. and N.W.R.

As Scotchmen and North-countrymen make up a good many thousands of London's five or six million inhabitants, our great Northern lines deserve first mention.

There will be cheap bookings to the principal provincial towns, North and Central Wales, Cambrian Coast, Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland on December 20, 21, 27, and 28, to seaside and inland pleasure resorts, and to stations in Scotland, which will be available for the return journey (where train service permits) on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

—By the Midland

Special cheap trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) on Tuesday, December 24, for 3, 4, 5, or 9 days, to the Lake District, Peak of Derbyshire, Yorkshire Spas, Leicester, Birmingham, Derby, Nottingham, etc.; and on Tuesday midnight, December 24, for 2, 3, or 4 days, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Shipley, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, and Liverpool.

Cheap excursion trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., on Tuesdays, December 24 and 31, for 3, 6, or 16 days; and on December 23 to many Irish centres, *viâ* Heysham.

—And by the Great Northern Railway

The Great Northern Railway Company have considerably extended their usual list of excursions, and cheap tickets will be issued to all the principal stations in the North Eastern District and Scotland on Tuesdays, December 24 and 31, for 3, 6, or 16 days; also on Tuesday, December 24, to the principal stations in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the North Eastern District, for 3, 4, 5, or 9 days. A special midnight excursion will also be run for convenient periods to the principal stations in the West Riding District and Lancashire on Tuesday, December 24.

Through "The Gateway of the West"

The magnificent service of the Great Western Railway needs no recommendation to the West-countryman. A train typical of many others is one leaving Paddington, "the Gateway of the West," at 10.30 a.m. Lunching *en route*, the passenger is whirled away to Sunny Devon, reaching Plymouth without a stop in 4 hr. 7 min. In less than 2½ hours more Penzance and many other winter season towns in the Cornish Riviera can be reached. In addition to this splendid service, which runs every week-day throughout the year, and is especially adaptable for the Christmas holidays, cheap return excursion tickets will be issued by fast trains from Paddington (and City and suburban offices) to all parts of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, Scilly Isles, as well as to South Wales, Ireland *viâ* Fishguard, the Midlands, North Wales, Channel Islands, etc., etc.

Christmas on the Continent

Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route for visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the principal towns in Holland the following morning, Cologne at noon, Berlin, Dresden, and Bâle in the evening. Tickets at reduced fares will be issued to Brussels *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp on December 21, 23, 24, and 26, available for eight days.

G.N.R.

Speed and Comfort

XMAS HOLIDAYS.

QUICKEST ROUTE

BETWEEN

LONDON (King's Cross)

AND

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G.N.R

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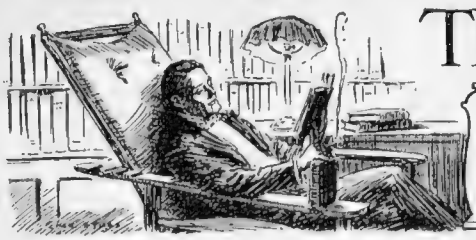

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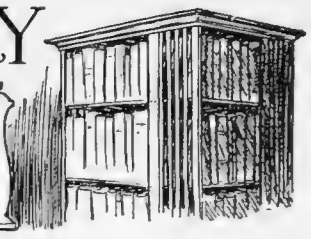

Books of the Week

"The Struggle for a Royal Child." By Frau Kremer. (Long: 6s.)
"The Happy Moralist." By Hubert Blind. (Laurie: 6s.)
"The Halo." By the Baroness von Hutten. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Master Beast" By Horace W. C. Newte. (Rebman: 3s. 6d.)

The Fires of Farm Street

Father Vaughan's latest volume of sermons, *Society, Sin, and the Saviour* (Kegan Paul, Trench: 5s.), reveals even more than did "The Sins of Society" that this preacher, however effective and sensational in the pulpit, is curiously lacking in the literary faculty, not only as to the diction of his sermons but also as to their construction. The excuse that a good "Society" sermon necessarily does not read well may be proffered. It will be said that you cannot upbraid in elegant phrase, nor scourge with threaded flax. Hard words, taut knots — those are the requisites! Well, to call that into question, there is always the Sermon on the Mount. No words ever went harder home, and yet none were ever better chosen, or more truly literary. As to the construction of the sermons—there is none. Father Vaughan's method is invariable. Comfortably assuming, always, that his hearers believe, he begins by drawing a lurid picture of one of the scenes in the Saviour's life. Then, the picture complete, suddenly, fiercely he turns on the Society tap, draws some more or less fair parallel between the qualities of Scripture's scoundrels and the supposed sins of his hearers—those black sheep of Bayswater, those errants of Ealing Dean! All very fiery, and very zealous, and, I hope, very effective. That the sermons could convert genuine sinners I disbelieve, also that they could remove the doubts of one sceptic. The chief effect of Father Vaughan's rhetoric is likely to be to attract to the Roman faith a number of worthy people whose predilection for hell-fire would otherwise have to be gratified in the corrugated confines of Little Bethel.

Countess Montignoso and Princess Monica

(Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Long from "The Struggle for a Royal Child." 6s.)

Her Erratic Highness

In *The Struggle for a Royal Child* (Princess Monica of Saxony) (John Long: 6s.), Frau Ida Kremer gives the world a veritable anthropical manifesto (if, for once, I may escape the use of that fearsome phrase, "human document"). Fr. Kremer was governess to the little daughter of the present Mrs. Toselli (Countess Montignoso) during the last few months of last year, and lets fall a positive cataract of small talk about both of them. As to little Monica—now back safely again in Saxon papa's hands—though only four, she has promise of a "temperament" which, when in full flush, should pale into insignificance that of her eccentric mamma. Four years old, she has yet acquired a heap of peculiarities. She is colour-blind, hates babies, dogs, and cake, has a mania for baths, and for the smell of scents, soaps, and—benzine. From Fr. Kremer's pages we know what Monica is, and we tremble at the thought of what she may be. As to the Countess herself, what a picture Fr. Kremer gives of the erratic lady, whose "whole atmosphere," she says, "breathes unrest!" That she has charm is unmistakable, and yet she has, it seems, a decided dignity, which demands always the title "Imperial Highness." She numbers art, literature, and music among her creative accomplishments; goes to Mass constantly, concealing beneath her prayer-book a copy of *Faust!* Has a craze for—shoemaking; invites people to dinner, and then, as the hour approaches, sets forth in a motor to gather them up from their various addresses; lives with a revolver in her hand, whensoever there are rumours of kidnapping by the Saxon enemy! These are but a few of the peculiarities of the lady who was lately so noticeably remarried. In that connection, by the way, it is rather a pity for the complete interest of her record that Fr. Kremer did not remain with the Countess a little longer. Then we might have got to know a little more about Mr. Toselli. Alas! all that has happened between him and the Princess at the time of the close of the book is one "radiant talk" over the keys of the piano, after a dinner for which he was cleverly late. But there will, no doubt, be other Fr. Kremers forthcoming to satisfy the world's curiosity (if it is still curious) on that matter.

A New Pirate

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, whose fantastical novel, *The Dance of Love* (Duckworth: 6s.), is one of the most delicate and whimsical products of his pen, and is righteously to be recommended for purposes of Christmas presentation, makes yet another season's success with *The Pirate's Pocket Book* (price three sixpences net: Sisleys).

The pages contains fragments of a narrative which vary in length, depth, breadth, and volume from one line to—any number. Facing each page of letterpress is a suitable illustration of immeasurable funniness. One of these I put down upon this page. It is representative of the general scheme, and gives quite a good idea of the nature of Tom Tomb, the piratical hero. I should recommend the squandering of the three sixpences on the book. It is eminently look-at-able, and, should one's household be enlivened by the presence of a talkative Christmas guest, it might keep Her quiet for, perhaps, five minutes. Which will be worth the money.

"The Happy Moralist"

In *The Happy Moralist* (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), Mr. Hubert Bland gives us another of those amiable *causeries* on the general philosophy of life for which he is so deservedly noted. He has the ideal manner and method of the *causeur*, and is an adept at the discharge of light and airy aphorisms. He is a man of the world, and a moralist without cant. There is a lot of charming common-sense in *The Happy Moralist* which covers an extraordinarily wide range of topics. There is one admirable little essay—at the end—entitled "Ibsen and Mr. Shaw." In this Mr. Bland answers the question why "the public, which wouldn't stand a fortnight of Ibsen, stands so much of G. B. S.?" by the clever explanation that in Ibsen's plays shocking things are *done* on the stage, whereas in those of Mr. Shaw they are only *said*. Therefore, the B.P., though occasionally shocked and startled by Shawisms, is never really harrowed or horrified. *Mem.*: Quite refreshing to come across a newspaper man who has a word to say in praise of Mr. Shaw.

"Now T.T. never robbed the poor,
Because it was not worth his while"

(Reproduced from "The Pirate's Pocket Book," written and illustrated by D. C. Calthrop—Sisleys, Ltd.)

"The Halo"

A trifle light as air is *The Halo* (Methuen: 6*s.*), by the Baroness von Hutten, author of "Pam." One hardly thought it possible to write a novel, which deals with real men and women in real emotional relationship, so delicately and yet with so sure a grip. All the butterfly creatures of the book live. The theme is the infatuated love of a woman for a great musician, the while the world believes her to be in love with his colourless son. In the middle of the story comes a sudden awakening. The heroine, Brigit, realises it is Joyselle *père*, not *fils*, who has her heart in thrall. She is disappointed in the end, for Joyselle is, to her disappointed amazement, loyal to his wife, even though her death has released him from the obligation. Whereat one loves Joyselle, pities Brigit, and—blesses the Baroness as a most entertaining and delightful story-teller.

When Socialism Reigns

In *The Master Beast* (Rebman: 3*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Horace W. C. Newte does what has often enough been done before—draws a picture of England as it may be when in the grip of extreme Socialism. Beyond the fact that Mr. Newte does his work with fierce passion, and draws his scenes with hideous realism, there is not a great deal that is new in it. Under Socialism, as we have often enough been told, we shall live in serried rows; shall "enjoy" identical privileges, work for the State at equal stretches, with no pay, but only food and clothing; shall forego ownership of all kinds, even of wife and children, etc., etc. And so it is with the community drawn by Mr. Newte, A.D. 2020. The *dénouement* of the fantasy is, however, undeniably powerful. Drawing on the parallel of the French Revolution, which fought for Equality only to gain Napoleon, Mr. Newte makes his Socialists an easy prey to the domination of one strong personality, Gole, the little Corporal of his revolution. Unlike Napoleon, however, he does not succeed in building an Empire on the ruins of the democracy, but loses it to invading savage hordes. Mr. Newte would have us realise that, when ambition and other public emotions are uprooted from the race, man's passions will become more and more purely sexual—that the era of Socialism will be a Saturnalia. It must be questioned whether such books as *The Master Beast* do two-penn'orth of harm to Socialism. It pays far too generous a tribute to its power to assume that it can ever eradicate Individualism, the fundamental force which distinguishes man from the brute. To let them think they can do this thing in one hundred years is to flatter them too absurdly.

A Locomotive Book for Boys

One of the best possible Christmas presents for a boy, whether or not of mechanical aspirations, is Mr. J. A. Howden's admirable *Boys' Book of Locomotives* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*). This tells one all there is to know as to the evolution and the construction and the working of the locomotive, and is profusely illustrated with splendid photographs.

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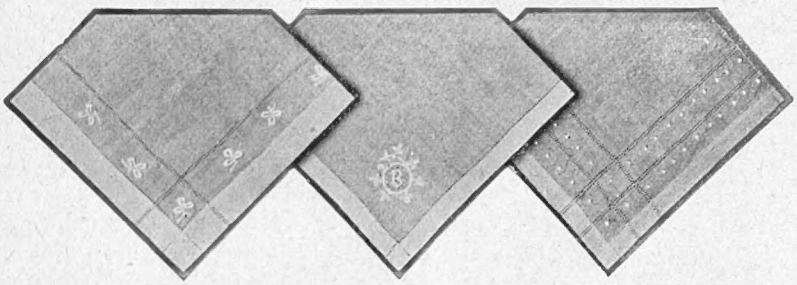

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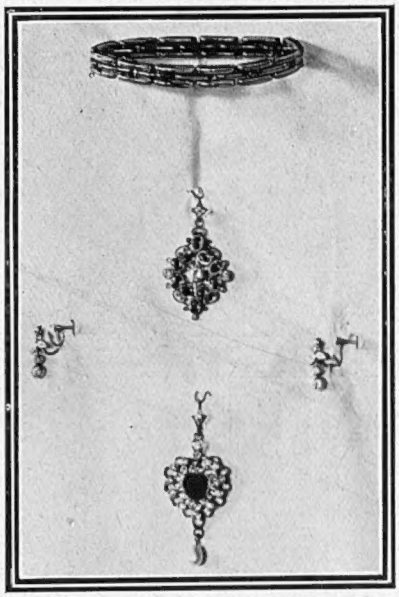

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A Modern Luxury

The advantages of the telephone are being more and more appreciated every day, and gradually, by slow degrees, for the English are a slow-moving people, the telephone is being brought into the necessary daily scheme of things. Very particularly is this the case with home life, the busy woman finding immeasurable comfort from its use. Supplied with this ingenious contrivance, there is no longer any need to face unpleasant wet weather, any shop worth the thinking about being connected by the magic wire, so that orders can be comfortably given from the safe shelter of the home. Social events can also be settled in the same prompt and satisfactory manner, conversations being carried on in any part of the town or country, providing the friend has been enterprising enough to seek the service of the National Telephone Co., who are prepared to instal this invaluable aid to modern existence at a new "home rate," the initial outlay being repaid in full by the convenience and comfort accruing from its service.

Full particulars can be obtained from the "Contract Department," The National Telephone Co., Ltd.

Fortunes Made Without Risk

THE SAFEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD. REMARKABLE FREE BOOK

Investment, of course, is the means whereby money is made, but the field of investment is so wide that frequently one is bewildered by the extent and variety of the investments open for acceptance. What is your conception of the investment you most ardently desire? It is, of course, one which presents absolute security for your capital sum. It is, of course, one which should produce for you secured interest, and it also should be one which is capable of endowing you with a degree of wealth considerably in excess of the invested capital.

It is, unfortunately, true that, with one notable exception, the whole broad field of investment is quite destitute of these desirabilities. True, you may find one which offers one feature, but lacks the others, for there are certain securities which are acknowledged to be quite gilt-edged. Upon examination, though, you will find that they are very non-productive, and productivity is the greatest essential of all.

The One Great Exception

There is, however, one great exception, for in splendid isolation, endowed with a perfection of security, interest, and return, do Premium Bonds stand alone, offering to every investor a certainty of safeness and a prospect of profit far in advance of any other investment which human skill has fashioned or human tongue can name.

Of course, everyone has heard of Premium Bonds; but does everyone grasp the full significance of their reliability and remunerative nature?

Equal Opportunities For All

And what remarkably handy investments they are, for whether you have £5, £500, or £5,000 to invest, Premium Bonds will suit your needs. What better security could you wish for than, say, the Premium Bonds of the City of Paris issue of 1898? There are bonds which can be acquired for less than £20, yet this small investment bestows on you, besides an unvarying 2 per cent., no less than two hundred opportunities any year of participating in huge premiums ranging from £8,000 downwards.

As a matter of fact, this is a very modest instance of how highly remunerative Premium Bonds prove.

We could cite many others, but would refer you to

The Popular Blue-Book

of official information concerning Premium Bonds, which that well-known financial institution, the International Securities Syndicate, have issued, and which they have kindly consented to send to any reader of THE BYSTANDER free of charge.

Therein you can find all details and particulars, written not in romantic vein, but in plain, prosaic common-sense. Every figure is correct, every fact can be verified, every statement is strictly authentic.

No wiser course can be adopted than to procure this work, and all that is necessary is to forward your name and address to the International Securities Syndicate, 376, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., whom we are convinced will at once courteously present you with this volume.